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IT is the radicals who declare their disappointment in the peace treaty. As a rule the conservatives, in England and France as well as in this country, find its terms satisfactory. There is a doubt raised by a few of the conservative British newspapers: does England's share of Germany measure up to the promises made by Lloyd George in December? The Daily Mail, a Northcliffe paper, thinks it doesn't. In France the conservative journals are satisfied, though not enthusiastic. Their chief concern is whether the instruments provided for carrying out the treaty are adequate. L'Echo de Paris raises this query. It intimates that only if the League of Nations becomes even less a League and even more an alliance will the victors be able to reach to the ends they have set for themselves.

IN the United States the first criticism of the treaty from radical or liberal sources is the Nonpartisan League's. The most important of the League's newspapers in the northwest declares that the treaty is "a mockery of democracy"; it fails to abide by Mr. Wilson's fourteen points. If criticism on this score is uncommon in the United States—up to the present hour, at any rate—there seems to be a considerable amount of it in France. The Associated Press reports that the socialist press in Paris "criticizes the peace conditions severely." One paper—its name is not given—declares that this is a peace "which prepares the way for another war. Between President Wilson's fourteen points and certain stipulations communicated to Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau there are gaps and contrasts which are striking."

IN England there seems to be more criticism of the treaty than there is in either France or the United States. The Daily News is a paper representative of the liberal British opinion. It does not like the financial terms of the treaty. They are drawn, declares the News, "in the spirit of a creditor making out a claim against a bankrupt estate, with the intention of getting the largest dividend possible. We demand both the golden eggs and the corpse of the goose that would lay them." The London Herald, which ordinarily speaks for British labor, uses more positive terms to denounce the whole treaty. "There is no honor left for any of us," it says. "The League of Nations is a body without a soul. President Wilson has been beaten. He forced public acceptance of his high ideals on the other Powers, but they have beaten him secretly. He compromised on essentials, and therefore the details have gone astray. From the moment he abandoned the first of his fourteen points he abandoned them all."

NOT only the London Herald but the British Labor party, through its Executive Committee, is sharply critical. A manifesto of the Committee says that this peace cannot head off trouble in the future. Specifically, the Committee criticizes the opening that is left for hostile alliances by the exclusion of Germany from the League of Nations; the failure to give Germany representation on the Reparation Commission; the methods chosen for a fair settlement in the Saar Valley and Malmedy district; and the omission of specific provision for a progressive limitation of armaments by the other nations as well as Germany. The Committee is certain that this is not the peace of a new world order for which the Labor party was so consistent a pioneer.

PRESIDENT WILSON cables to Mr. Tumulty that happily there is no mystery or privacy about what he has promised France in the way of an alliance. He is to propose to the Senate that we come to France with immediate aid in case of an unprovoked attack by Germany. The President says this will "hasten" the action to which we should be bound by the Covenant of the League of

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Nations. So he apparently considers the supplementary treaty an ad interim arrangement. The French, however, may not agree. They have never had confidence in a League of Nations; for the French government the fact that Germany's army is reduced to 100,000 men and her navy cut down to the size of Argentina's does not do away with the need of a special alliance against unprovoked German attack.

THERE are more new reports that as soon as peace is made with Germany the Allies will recognize the government of Admiral Kolchak at Omsk as the de facto government of all Russia. Kolchak may have genuine popular support in the Omsk region; if so, he deserves recognition as the de facto government in that region. But does his popular support stretch as far as Moscow, five hundred miles beyond his front lines? It is probable that if the Allies want to see him in Moscow there is only one way it can be done: They will have to help him get there—which means a new war—and they will have to help him stay there—which means Allied armies in Russia for a long time to come.

IN any event, there is one report about the circumstances of recognizing Kolchak which the Department of State ought immediately to deny or confirm. A copy of the reliable French newspaper, Journal des Debats, which recently reached this country carries the following wire from Tokio: "It is reported that a group of Anglo-American bankers concluded an agreement, in the month of February, with the government at Omsk, permitting it to contract a loan in England and in America. In return, America would obtain certain advantages in Kamchatka, and England would acquire rights in Central Asia and in Turkestan." If this is untrue, it ought not be permitted to taint any negotiations we may have with Kolchak. If it is true, then there are a few senators like Mr. Johnson who will want to ask questions, before Kolchak is recognized.

THE most recent news about Fiume, at the time we go to press, is that Mr. Wilson has not yet been won over to the plan of internationalizing the city temporarily, building a new port for the Jugoslavs, and then turning Fiume over to Italy. There is a rumor that the Italians are ready to abandon their claims to the city, at least for a period of some years, if they are given the Dalmatian Coast and the Dodecanese Islands. These were the terms of the secret treaty. They are poor terms. To give the Dalmatian Coast to Italy without restrictions would shut off both Jugoslavia and Hungary from the Adriatic; to give Italy the Dodecanese Islands would mean immediate and protracted trouble with Greece.

THERE is protest in Denmark against having a plebiscite in southern Slesvig. Will not a plebiscite add a number of square miles and a good many Germans? Yes, probably it will. Many Germans in Slesvig will prefer going over to Denmark, rather than sharing the burden of a heavy indemnity. But then, Germans are not Danes. And the Danish newspapers assert that to appropriate them will only mean trouble in the future. You cannot, say these newspapers, make a German into a good Dane. Apparently a good Dane is something unique. The rest of Europe is proceeding on the theory that it is possible to transform Germans into good Poles, Frenchmen, Italians and Czecho-Slovaks.

IT has remained for the Peace Conference to reunite China. For many months there has been warfare between the government in the North and the government in the South. Even a temporary agreement seemed distant. Now, however, both governments unite in instructing their delegates in Paris not to sign the peace treaty because it delivers Kiao-Chau to Japan. Had Kiao-Chau been returned to China via the League of Nations, instead of via Japan, the League would have gained prestige. Assume the honesty of Japan's intentions. Nevertheless the return of Kiao-Chau by an international agency would have been one definite instance to show that the League was an organization to curb imperialism not only in Germany but in the rest of the world as well.

SOME weeks ago the Communist government in Hungary asked Rumania for an armistice. Rumania has now consented to conclude an armistice—and the Communists refuse it. This may be due to a Bolshevik predilection for going back on every treaty as a matter of principle; or it may be due to the fact that the armistice, as Rumania offers it, provides for the disarmament of the Hungarian forces, the surrender of war material and the return of prisoners and hostages—all without reciprocation.

THE peace treaty and the League of Nations Covenant will of course be the most important matters to come before the new Congress which assembles on Monday. Congress will have to take action, too, on the seven appropriation measures which failed in the last session. After that? Perhaps the most pressing matters are the development of our crippled employment service, the choosing of a policy for railway control and for the disposition of government owned shipping, the passage of the federal suffrage amendment, and the enactment of measures that will strike at the real causes of industrial unrest by raising the standards of labor. Those Republicans will be mistaken who believe they can supply a satisfactory substitute for some such programme as this by introducing a protective tariff, reducing the excess profits taxes, and unleashing a half-dozen committees for an investigation into the conduct of the war.

THE first quarrel among the Republicans in the new Congress is likely to come over the revenue bill. Senator Penrose has announced that he will press for a reduction of the present war profits and income taxes. This move will not please the more liberal Republicans like Kenyon and Johnson. But what can they do? It is of no use, in this instance, for them to throw their balance of support to the Democrats. For unless the President is willing and able to intervene, the great majority of the Democrats will themselves prefer to march with Penrose and Lodge.

QUIETLY, last week, the Industrial Board that was to guide American business reconstruction passed out of existence. When the Railroad Administration and the steel companies failed in their last attempt to agree upon rail

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prices, the Department of Commerce dissolved the Industrial Board and declared that so far as it was concerned the laws of supply and demand would henceforth be permitted to govern reconstruction. The Industrial Board was doomed to failure from the outset. It never had any legal authority. It never had any fund of goodwill. Its demise does not mean that the harness is now off. Since the armistice the harness has never been on.

A FEDERAL LAW against lynching has been recommended by a national conference held in New York to discuss ways of putting an end to this evil. The recommendation of the conference goes to the centre of the problem. It is vain to think that lynching can be stamped out so long as proper punishment of the men involved is allowed to rest with jurors and local authorities who are their friends and often their sympathizers. Lynching is a national disgrace; and when it has also been made a national crime there will be a better chance of its coming to a stop.

SECRETARY GLASS has taken a position which will disappoint those who want no riots and disorder. Two weeks ago the New York Call protested to Mr. Glass that a few Liberty Loan speakers had helped incite the raid on the Call offices in which many people were injured. Mr. Glass denies that this charge is true. Everyone will be glad that he was able to deny it. But in the course of his reply to the Call he makes this amazing statement: "I am not prepared to say that ultimate responsibility for the disorders to which you call attention rests with the soldiers and sailors, rather than with those incendiary publications which they resented." If this isn't a blanket approval for any future mob action of the same sort, what is it?

IT is not enough, in Mr. Hines's opinion, to return the railways to private ownership. At least a billion dollars of new capital must be put into the roads every year for many years to come; and Mr. Hines thinks that it will not be possible to find this capital if the conditions of regulation are uncertain and there continues to be a lack of standards by which regulation can be governed. He proposes a compulsory consolidation of the railways of the country into a few large competitive systems. From twelve to twenty would be enough, he thinks. "Since these railroad companies, reconstituted in this way, would have an official capitalization, that official capitalization would put an end for all time to this pervading and persistent suspicion as to over-capitalization." Failing to adopt the plan of consolidation, we shall sooner or later resort to government ownership. That will be the only way to find the necessary capital.

A MAJORITY of 8 to 1, in the Brotherhood of Electricians, has voted in favor of a nation-wide strike of 130,000 telephone and telegraph operators. Such a strike would tie up the communications system of the country. The secretary of the Brotherhood declares that the fundamental issue is union recognition. Mr. Burleson, member of an administration which supports the principle of collective bargaining, has refused that recognition.

MAYOR HYLAN has vetoed the bill that would amend the New York City Charter so as to increase the salary of public school teachers. "I believe the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has treated the teachers fairly," says Mr. Hylan. The salary of public school teachers in New York City begins at $720 a year. The average salary of a man in a saw-mill is $1029.

EARLY in the war the Navy Department announced a policy of equal pay for equal work. It turns out, however, that the policy of the Department has not always been obeyed, even in its own shops. Women workers in some of the arsenals—in flag and sail lofts, and in various shops—are paid less for skilled work than some men are paid for unskilled. It is chiefly for the protection of these women that the Federation of Federal Employees is now carrying its organization work into the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Schuylkill Arsenal and other Navy yards.

MASSACHUSETTS is the first state east of Colorado to establish a 48-hour week for women and children in industry. The new law will not apply to women who are employed in non-industrial positions—as stenographers or office cleaners or hotel chambermaids, or on the farms or in domestic service. Nevertheless there are a half million women and children in industry who will benefit from it.

Europe Proposes

IN the next few weeks the people of the United States must make the most important political decision that any one now living has ever been called upon to make. How it is decided and why it is decided will affect the peace and the liberty of millions. It is a decision which one may approach with unashamed solemnity for things are now at stake which go to the roots of happiness. We have to decide whether the peace which has been proposed at Paris lays the basis of an international order which has sufficient promise to justify the sacrifice of isolation. That the old isolation is in many ways no longer possible is of course obvious, but the degree in which it is to be abandoned is still a matter of deliberate judgment. In the next few weeks it is not only possible but necessary for Americans to decide just what specific obligations they will formally assume.

Among those who like ourselves have consistently urged America's full participation in a League of Nations, advocacy has always been based on one proviso which was clearly stated by President Wilson over two years ago: "If the peace presently to be made is to endure, it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of mankind. The terms of the immediate peace agreed upon will determine whether it is a peace for which such a guarantee can be secured." A summary of the terms is now published, and from them the beginnings of a judgment must be made as to whether

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terms warrant a guarantee by America. We y the beginnings of a judgment, because a ten)usand word summary of an eighty thousand rd document is not final evidence. A sum- ry is almost inevitably tuned up by the sum- rizer, and when we remember the state of ıd in France and England it is well to make ervations for the temptation to turn the nphasis of the summary so that it sounds like ıe fulfillment of pledges. It is well to recall oo, that drastic and terrible as the terms seem to the Germans and to countless people in the Allied nations as well, the actual terms will seem very meagre indeed to those large sections of opinion which expected victory to make good all the losses of the war. For those who are to be disappointed the writers of the summary may have prepared the document with a view to breaking the fall. In examining the situation it is necessary to keep this contingency in mind.

The next step is to be clear in our own minds as to our own interest in the matter. For the United States victory means neither territory, nor except in a very limited sense, reparations. It means the assumption of what at least looks like a burden, namely the use of American power to guarantee this settlement and the stability of Europe, Africa and Asia. The case for accepting this responsibility rests wholly on the assumption that by doing it the possibility of war will be greatly reduced, and the nations turned with a sense of security to the enhancement of their own life. The Covenant is not a burden if this happens, for in this larger security and social progress we should find relief from competitive armaments and a spiritual enrichment by greater contact with the other nations. But if the world as organized under the Covenant is fatally insecure, then the obligation of trying to stabilize it in all its myriad details is indeed an entanglement and a loss of independence which it would be wiser to avoid.

The treaties with the four Central Powers both by what they contain and what they omit will be a very large factor in determining the character of the world in which we are to participate as a major guarantor. They will not do so entirely because the Russian problem in many ways overshadows all the others. Yet because Russia is fundamentally a continental country, while Germany was a great power overseas, the treaty with Germany is of first importance in fixing these larger world relationships in which America is primarily concerned.

If we mean by an empire a state which through its armed force, diplomatic position, and economic privileges shares in the rivalry for the exploitation of the backward parts of the earth, then German imperialism is absolutely annihilated. All her colonies, all her outposts, practically all her concessions, all her diplomatic footholds (as in Morocco) are taken away. All possibility of recovering them is of course removed by disarmament, for a nation without power is not often heard in the staking out of empires. Germany's heirs are Japan, Britain and France. So far as Japan is concerned, the management of the estate in China is left entirely to her discretion. Britain and France and Japan become mandatories of what was German in Africa and in the Pacific. What happens in Turkey we do not yet know. As mandatories in Central Africa, but not in German Southwest, Britain and France must maintain the open door for all members of the League. Germany is not a member of the League, and until she is admitted by a two-thirds vote, she has no rights anyone is bound to respect in any of the exploitable territories of the world.

With Germany eliminated, Africa and Asia are governed by Japan, Britain, and France. Each of these is very much enlarged as an imperial Power. The gains are of two kinds—territory secured outright and territory secured under a mandate. Each of the three Powers accepts both kinds. Thus France consolidates her North African empire by securing a full protectorate over Morocco; she will undoubtedly take a mandate in Asia Minor. Japan has full title in Kiao-Chau, and a mandate in the German Pacific islands north of the equator. The British Empire annexes German Southwest Africa, and the Pacific islands south of the equator; accepts mandates in East Africa and several other places. Just what the difference is between a mandate and annexation will not be clear until we see the terms of a mandate. But what is clear is that those who secure mandates and those who secure colonies are at the same time those who give the mandates, and consider the reports of the mandatories. Britain, France, Japan, and to them Italy should be added, for Italy will secure " compensations " somewhere, are a fairly large part of the standing members of the Council of the League. They are in fact four out of five, and their joint, their several and their conflicting interests will constitute the substance of government throughout Asia and Africa. By the elimination of Germany and Russia and Turkey the imperial structure of the world has narrowed at the top where it governs and has expanded enormously at the base where it is governed. Into this new imperial system America is introduced as the guarantor of territorial integrity against aggression, and as a voice of protest if things go badly with the mandates. The question is of what value that protest would be against the four Powers who actually govern the imperial system. The further question is whether it is wise to guarantee arrange-

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ments in which the power of protest resides in a disinterested minority of one. In other words is America left in a position where she can affect the methods of imperialism sufficiently to avert the disasters in which she would have to share?

The question cannot be answered offhand. For the present it is important to note that the destruction of German imperialism seems to carry with it not a diminution but an increase of the other imperialisms. Even accepting the theory of the mandates at their face value, the two great European empires—Britain and France—and the one Asiatic empire—Japan—not only immensely increase their absolute territory, but by the elimination of a very dangerous competitor secure such titles as they never had before. All the rest of the world therefore, in so far as it is commercially dependent upon Africa and Asia is subject to the goodwill of London, Paris, and Tokio, more or less affected by the ideas that happen to prevail at Washington. It is clear that in the days to come it will be of no small interest to the rest of the world who governs at London, Paris, and Tokio.

For Germany the destruction of her overseas empire, not only territorially but commercially is a very significant thing. It was an easy thing for the Russian revolutionists to disdain empire. Russia is not a modern commercial empire. But Germany is. Being an industrial nation, a large part, almost a third, of her population lives by exchanging manufactures for food and raw materials. The existence of markets and the assurance of materials is vital to that population, and one of the reasons for imperialism is that it is one way, a bad way perhaps, of recognizing this vital need and of securing the power to enforce respect for it. If all the backward portions of the earth were administered on strict observance of the open door and equality of opportunity, the last vestige of excuse for imperial expansion would have disappeared. In the absence of that, a nation industrially as advanced as Germany is put indefinitely at the mercy of her business rivals if her overseas empire is destroyed. Under the treaty this absolutely essential element of recuperation is controlled for all practical purposes by Great Britain and France. One can hardly doubt that given the almost universal hatred of things German, it will be a long time before German industry can participate considerably in the world's trade.

Germany is thrown back on to her own territory, and what happens there is of the utmost importance, for sixty million people even if they are disarmed matter a great deal on a crowded continent. To Germany, destroyed as an imperial Power, the principle of nationality is applied. How accurately it has been applied the summary does not show, but its general indications are that in losing Alsace-Lorraine, part of Silesia, most of Posen, West Prussia, and the mouth of the Memel, Germany is deprived of territory which is largely non-German. The Polish boundaries are the most doubtful, and the summary is too vague to give a basis of judgment. No doubt these boundaries are not absolutely irrevocable. The internationalization of Danzig was clearly implied in the Fourteen Points, and the districts in East Prussia, Slesvig, and at the Belgian frontier are sufficiently mixed to make a plebiscite a just and desirable solution. The Saar is another matter. There is no excuse in law or in morals for raising the question of sovereignty in the valley. It is a German valley. The armistice expressly excluded it from consideration by stating that the wrong done to France in 1871 should be righted. The Saar was not part of France in 1871, and the elaborate arrangement for the administration of the valley obviously represents a compromise between those who were and those who were not willing to act in good faith. It happens though that good faith compromised is bad faith. It is quite true that the plebiscite will be confined to those who were twenty years of age when the treaty was signed. This does prevent colonization if it is successfully administered. But nevertheless, the fact that one of the interested parties—France—is the employer of the people who will decide the status of the territory gives her a perfectly enormous power over the resulting vote. And the fact that the rest of Germany has no voice in the matter makes it a still greater injustice. But the fundamental injury lies not in the plan adopted but in the fact that the question was raised. The Saar will furnish an embittered Germany not only a real reason for discontent, but a symbol with all the necessary moral attributes, for cultivating a policy of revenge. For such a policy no reason is so good as a good reason, and in the eyes of a nation that feels itself oppressed, such a reason can easily be made the pretext for revolting against the whole settlement of the war.

The injustice will rankle and fester, and into it will be injected the poison of another injustice. Germany will point out that the principle of nationality has been applied only when it injures her and never when it might favor her. The prohibition of union with German Austria, the unconsulted annexation of the Germans in Bohemia and the Upper Adige are of course flagrant violations of the reiterated principle of Mr. Wilson "that no right anywhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." Now assuming that the drastic Polish cessions are ethnically just, they are nevertheless a terrible blow

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to Germany because among other things they deprive her of contact with East Prussia. That they are Polish is an excellent reason for giving them to Poland, but it will not seem excellent if the principle which cuts territory away from Germany is not capable also of adding territory which is inhabited by Germans. To apply a principle one way to those " to whom we wish to be just " and refuse its application to those " to whom we do not wish to be just " is neither honorable nor good sense. In plain English it makes principles ridiculous, and having made them ridiculous to all fair-minded men among the victorious peoples, it destroys all their moral compulsion for the vanquished. The settlement can last, not because men believe in it, but because it is enforced. It is necessary therefore for Americans to consider whether they wish to guarantee the details of a settlement which could hardly have been more neatly devised to keep central Europe in an uproar.

Concealed in the question of nationality lies another, perhaps in the end, more troublesome difficulty. It happens that the territories which Germany is to lose contain a large part of her mineral wealth. (For a fuller discussion of this matter see the editorial which follows entitled A Punic Peace). Lorraine iron, Saar and Silesian coal constitute three-fourths of the iron and one-third of the coal upon which German industry was based. They are gone, and the alternatives are these: either Germany secures a guaranteed supply of these minerals or a large fraction of her population must emigrate. No guarantee is contained in the treaty. With this goes the fact, discussed above, that virtually the whole apparatus of foreign trade is annihilated. It looks as if millions of Germans would have to emigrate or blow up.

This is the Germany that acknowledges the full power of the Reparation Commission. It is a curious body. It appears from the summary that three Powers represented can fix an obligation while it takes all five to remit one. Thus France, Italy and Belgium can make out the bill, and once made out, Belgium for example can overrule the judgment of all the rest about the wisdom of cancelling any of it. In the absence of a complete text this seems to be the sense of it. At any rate it is clear that the reparations scheme is capable of requiring Germany for a period of thirty or forty years to bear such a burden of taxation as no people has ever borne. Of course, no sane man supposes that the world will freeze tight enough long enough to make this possible, and the treaty recognizes the fact. The object of the Reparation Commission is to secure what it can out of the cripple. Within two years it is to make out the bill, and then for the rest of our lives, and a good part of our children's lives, an attempt is to be made to collect it.

The treaty gives the Allies so many different kinds of economic power over Germany that they are likely to be considerably at a loss as to how to exercise it. Both the goose and the golden eggs are theirs, and there will be mighty conflicts and debates for decades as to whether the goose should be made to lay another egg or eaten. Some people will be interested in keeping German trade crippled; others will be interested in reviving it and exacting reparations. The people who see reparations diminishing will denounce the greedy people who are killing German productiveness, and these latter will reply that the others are reviving the German menace for the sake of some money. We may expect some lively times between the Reparation Commission on the one hand and Allied manufacturers on the other. They will have differing views of life.

For Germany it will be a case of trying to produce with one hand tied for a creditor who insists on rapid production, and yet is not only tempted but has the power to tie up the other hand at will. Germany therefore becomes a first class labor problem for the Allied world. After all as every one knows after the demonstration of May day there is such a thing as labor quitting. The Germans, in our opinion, will quit. A government may sign this peace, but it will never be altogether executed. For the trouble with the treaty is that it gives the Germans too many good reasons for feeling themselves thoroughly abused. Their imperial power is destroyed, that of others is increased; the principle of nationality is worked against them; the armistice is flatly violated in the Saar; Mr. Wilson's general principles about the removal of economic barriers, no special alliances within the general family of the League of Nations, the implied promise to admit Germany to the League, all seem to have gone down the wind. With all these things done to them, it will be exceedingly difficult to keep German workingmen and Germans who were boys during the war convinced that they are suffering justly for the sins of the Hohenzollerns.

Not only will they be less and less convinced; they will be increasingly angry and vindictive. And in their anger they will have the growing sympathy of labor throughout Europe, and currents will be set up which will shake the whole edifice of European society. Looked at from the purely American point of view, on a cold calculation of probabilities, we do not see how this treaty is anything but the prelude to quarrels in a deeply divided and hideously embittered Europe.

However much the words of the Fourteen Points may be invoked to justify this treaty, one thing is so plain as to seem beyond argument. The world which will result from the document can by no

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stretch of language be made to agree with the picture which the President had in mind when he went to Paris, or when he spoke in the days of his glory of what was to be accomplished. His own inner disillusionment is only too apparent in the after-dinner speech which he delivered in Paris the other night. By the standards of which he himself was the most eloquent spokesman he has failed. The treaty is the work of the European governments, mitigated at a few points no doubt by Mr. Wilson. But the settlement which we are now asked to guarantee in all its detail, to underwrite with the lives and the resources of America, is one made by European governments in the spirit of the traditional diplomacy of Europe. In the meshes of that diplomacy it would be reckless folly for a nation placed as ours is to entangle itself. Therefore, assuming that the document becomes the law of Europe, the immediate task for Americans is to decide coolly just how they will limit their obligations under the Covenant. That they must be limited seems to us an inescapable conclusion.

A Punic Peace

> Not since Rome punished Carthage for Punic faith has such a treaty been written. In a way not to be soon obliterated is written the warning "Behold what happened to Germany and beware!" The international gibbet is high and within the bight of its noose hangs a clanking example.
>
> The New York Tribune, May 8th.

THAT is what the Germans also say of the treaty. But unlike the Tribune writer, they have an exact historical conception of what the analogy means. Rome and Carthage were the two great commercial and colonial powers in the western Mediterranean. Both hungered for the monopoly of the trade of Sicily and Sardinia, Gaul and Spain; both conceived that colonial possession and sea power alone could insure control of trade. In the Second Punic War Carthage brought Rome to the verge of ruin, but was beaten in the end and forced to accept a treaty which involved the surrender of all her colonies, most of her ships, her war elephants and an immense indemnity. She also bound herself not to make war without Rome's consent. What of Rome's Allies? They got something out of it too, but history neglects their gains. There was one, however, in the African hinterland, Massinissa, the art loving king of Numidia, who later seized an opportunity to encroach on Carthage. When Carthage proceeded to defend herself, without getting Rome's consent, the latter raised the cry of "Punic faith" as a pretext for destroying the city. But this last episode has no analogy in the unfolded scroll of twentieth century history.

Whether Carthage deserved anything better than a Punic peace of annihilation is a question we need not consider. The destruction of Carthage on account of her alleged Punic faith did not inaugurate an epoch in which international treaties were sacred; it inaugurated an epoch in which no treaties were binding to the inconvenience of Roman imperialism. Neither shall we consider whether Germany deserves anything better than a Punic peace. What now concerns us is the inquiry: In killing German imperialism have the peace makers also tried to kill the German nation, as the Germans assert and the Tribune boasts? While setting out ostensibly to destroy the military menace of Germany have the Allies, especially England and America, seized the occasion to get rid of a commercial competitor? While professing humanitarian internationalism with the grandiloquence of the Roman historians, have we really proceeded to lay the foundations of an Anglo-Saxon commercial hegemony? What are the economic and commercial implications of the treaty?

We must first inquire about Germany's capacity to feed her population. Even with her pre-war boundaries Germany fell far short of capacity to produce food enough for her own requirements. By the treaty she loses about one-fifth of her area and about one-tenth of her population. Practically all the territory lost was producing before the war more food than it consumed. Everyone agrees that Germany ought to be deprived of most of this territory, that she has no moral claim whatever to rule over non-German peoples in order to have adequate food supplies of her own. A country with more people than it can feed has only two legitimate methods of meeting the difficulty, emigration or manufacturing and mineral production for export, to pay for food. The method of immigration is not alluring. What does the world want with 20,000,000 German emigrants?

How then are the export prospects of Germany affected by the treaty? With the cession of Alsace-Lorraine Germany is put out of the category of great iron producers. Three-quarters of her iron ore came from Lorraine, and the other quarter was relatively inferior. France may be willing for a time to sell ore to Germany, but the Saar valley clauses are a plain proclamation that France intends eventually to work up her own iron ore into the finished product. She may not soon develop the necessary capital and technique, but England would lend them. Germany may import ore from Sweden, Spain and Latin America, but it is idle to suppose that she can compete in the world market in such gross products as plates, rails and structural

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shapes. If she wishes to maintain in the metallurgical industries the million workers she employed before the war it must be by concentration on the finer manufactures, such as machinery, tools and hardware.

The finer metallurgical manufacturers are, however, great consumers of coal. Ton for ton, and even value for value, hardware eats up many times as much coal as steel rails or beams. How does the treaty leave Germany's position as a coal producer? Of her three greatest coal fields, she retains that of the Ruhr valley with an estimated total supply of 45,000,000,000 tons. She loses the Upper Silesian coal fields, with an estimated supply of 50,000,000,000 tons, and she surrenders to France the coal of the Saar valley, about 45,000,000,000 tons. She has a field of considerable importance centring near Aix, out of which, apparently, Belgium takes a generous bite. There is a respectable coal field in Saxony, and a number of fields of minor importance. Exactly what proportion of her underground coal Germany loses we can not know until the delimitation of frontiers has been completed. It may, however, approach one half of it.

The loss of coal in the pit concerns future generations. What chiefly concerns the present generation is the loss of developed mines supplying immediate consumption. From this point of view Germany's losses are less vital. The Saar and the Silesian fields are relatively much less developed than those of the Ruhr and of the scattered minor fields. Germany raised 200,000,000 tons the last year before the war. She ought to be able, by concentrating her energies, to raise 150,000,000 tons now. But of this product she is bound by the treaty to export a considerable amount. The destruction of French mines, after serving the peace conference as a pretext for the confiscation of all the coal of the Saar valley, served also as a basis for the imposition upon Germany of an obligation to deliver to France annually for ten years an amount of coal sufficient to make good the deficit in production due to the destruction of French mines by war. That obligation will absorb over ten million tons a year. Germany also gives France an option for an additional seven million tons, eight million to Belgium, four million and a half, rising to eight million and a half in 1923, to Italy. Thus Germany is committed to an export of about thirty million tons out of her reduced annual production. Plainly it is not intended that Germany should use coal lavishly in producing manufactures for export.

If adequate fuel supplies are vital to the production of industrial exports, so also are adequate supplies of raw materials, open markets and free access to them. How will Germany get raw materials? Iron, as we have seen, she may get by the grace of France. Rubber and other tropical products she may get by the grace of England; cotton and copper by the grace of America. She does not acquire by the signing of the peace any rights at all in the Allied world, now for practical purposes the whole world. She is not given the right to send agents to buy up stocks, to use international cables, or to avail herself of the international credit machinery. True, we may suppose, that when peace has been restored most of the Allied nations will want to sell to Germany materials that they do not desire to corner for their own or Allied use. American copper and cotton, for example, would murmur if a good market were kept permanently closed. But a good market is one that can pay, and Germany's ability to pay depends on her ability to sell goods abroad.

Now, the peace treaty does not follow the advice of those who wanted to load Germany down with an indemnity and at the same time close the world to her exports. Germany is required by the treaty to export coal whether she wishes to do so or not. She is required to export ships, not only those she now has, but the new ones she may build, up to 200,000 tons annually, for the next five years. She is required to supply goods needed in restoring the devastated area, presumably rails, structural steel, cement, machinery. She is required further to supply France with benzol, coal tar and ammonia, and accords option to the Reparation Commission on dyestuffs and chemical drugs up to fifty per cent of her existing stocks and twenty-five per cent of her later production. All this is just in itself. German industry ought to occupy itself with the repairing of the damage Germany wrought. But we are inquiring how Germany might procure food and raw materials. She can not acquire them through her forced exports, since these are to be paid for in reparation credits if at all. The necessary food supplies must be paid for by other exports.

What are Germany's prospects for general exports? With the signing of the treaty Germany binds herself to grant most favored nation treatment in her own markets to all the Allied and Associated Powers. She binds herself not to raise duties above the minimum of 1914 for six months after the war nor to raise duties on wines, vegetable oils, washed and scoured wool for two and a half years. She shall levy no duties within five years on goods originating in Alsace Lorraine, or within three years on goods originating in territory ceded to Poland. But every Allied and Associated Power may penalize and discriminate against German trade to its heart's content. Thus appears revealed the hidden meaning of the economic barriers removal clause in the Fourteen Points. Germany's

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economic barriers must have been what the President had in mind!

But even if markets are opened to Germany, how can she get access to them? By grace of her competitors, not otherwise. All her ships of over 1600 tons are to be surrendered and half her ships between 1000 and 1600 tons; also one-quarter of everything under 1000 tons that floats. That her shipyards may not too soon supply an independent means of carrying goods, they are required to produce 200,000 tons a year on Allied account. That is one half of Germany's ship building capacity. In itself it would not be unjust if the peace treaty embodied principles of common carriage on the seas. It does not. How about her land-borne traffic? Germany is required to give the use of her railways and waterways without discrimination to Allied through traffic, but there is no reciprocity, except that Poland is to grant free passage between Germany and East Prussia. Disregarding this route, debouching futilely in Lithuania, Germany has no land access to the Russian and Ukrainian market except by grace of her rising industrial rival Poland. She has no access to Rumania and Hungary except through her rivals Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, and by their grace.

Whether Germany shall work and live, or be denied access to materials and food supplies until she perishes rests under the treaty with the good will of the several nations that have imposed the peace upon her. She has, to be sure, a half guarantee in the fact that the huge indemnity claims imply a surviving nation. What the total amount of the indemnity to be imposed upon Germany may be is not now known. Last November it was agreed by President Wilson and the Allied governments that peace should be made on certain principles, one of which limited indemnity to very specific items of damage. But this agreement has gone the way of other scraps of paper limiting the action of the powerful. The peace treaty imposes upon Germany responsibility for all war costs and damages, and hence the indemnity may exceed by any amount the victors choose the 100,000,000,000 marks mentioned in the treaty. The one limitation that the Allies have imposed upon themselves is not to require of Germany in any year a payment in excess of what can be paid with taxes proportionately as heavy as those of any of the Allied Powers.

Allied finance needs the indemnity, and should therefore favor a policy permitting Germany to build up a productive economic system. Allied industry and trade, on the other hand, must be predisposed to keep German industry and trade from recovering their competitive power. The indemnities are of chief importance for France. The suppression of German competition is of chief importance for England. And it is England that controls the raw materials and access to the world markets. In this sense England holds the fate of Germany in her own hands. What about America? Our part may appear in history that of the magniloquent dupe. We ask for no indemnity and never feared anything from Germany's industry and trade. We stand complacently by and justify.

Now, if the nations associated against Germany mean to rest matters with the peace treaty and to pursue their several interests ruthlessly under it, the peace is nothing but a Punic peace. But what makes the peace treaty appear to be so cynically imperialistic a document does not lie in what it takes away from Germany or in what it imposes upon her, but it lies in the complete absence of reciprocity. Germany is required to give most favored nation treatment, but receives no assurances that she will receive such treatment. She is required to give passage over her railways but receives no similar privilege. She is required to refrain from unfair competitive methods but for the Allied states all methods of competition are clean. She is forced to provide coal but no state is required to give her a fair deal on raw materials. This one sidedness is so studied in its character that the statesmen of the Allies, unless their liberal pretensions have been the most arrant hypocrisy, must be planning to mend it through the League of Nations. According to the Covenant "the Assembly may from time to time advise members to reconsider treaties that have become inapplicable or involve danger to peace." The Assembly may profitably begin with the Treaty of Paris.

For that treaty was expected to relieve the world of the German menace. It was expected to punish Germany in the measure that punishment might reasonably be considered salutary and reformatory. It was expected to cast imperialism out of Germany and substitute a nationalism with which other nationalisms could live in peace. It was expected to make Germany repair, so far as she could, the injuries she had done. But something bigger was expected of the Peace Conference than all that. It was, in sum, expected to vindicate nationalism as a form of organization under which mankind could live. The world war had brought the system of nationalism to the verge of ruin. The world peace was to restore it.

Now, what of a world peace that attempts to hold one of the most numerous, the most energetic and active of the greater European races as an aggregation of helots, hobbled with disabilities and bent down with burdens which the Peace Conference itself recognizes as unbearable? Under such a peace the German nation must disintegrate just as Carthage disappeared. But what would become

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of the Germans? Their 70,000,000 would be added to the mass of Europeans and Asiatics, already dangerously large, who seek a solution of the problem of life outside of the national state. A League of Nations presupposes nationality. Will the peace makers and architects of the League rest content with a work which, on its face, operates powerfully to the disintegration of nationality? That is incredible.

Ireland

WITH the consent of the British government three American envoys have been touring Ireland. All during their visit a stream of English criticism has been directed against these visitors, with not a little collateral criticism of Lloyd George and President Wilson. Why should President Wilson be blamed? He might have ordered that passports be refused to these envoys. In that way, at least temporarily, he might have saved England from the brunt of Irish-American criticism. He might even have taken on the whole load for himself. But that is expecting a good deal. When he himself as the great proponent of the gospel of self-determination gave an interview to an Irish-American committee, he did everything—even at the cost of his reputation for standing by his word—that the most correct English diplomacy could demand. It is not reasonable to carp at him now. He did not invent the Irish question. It is scarcely up to him to support the fiction that it has no existence in America. If Americans openly express their opinions in Ireland, he cannot cut their heads off. And even if he had gallantly refused passports and saved appearances, it would not have suffocated the American opinion that favors Irish self-determination.

Most Americans implicitly agree with the Manchester Guardian of a few weeks back; "the question of Ireland is not merely a domestic question. It deeply affects our credit in the world and our relations with at least one other great State." And again, "It is a true instinct that draws the eyes and hope of Ireland to the Conference." According to old notions of sovereignty, of course, the Irish question is indeed a "domestic" question and ought not to be aggravated from outside. But such notions of sovereignty, directed in America against the League of Nations, are archaic. The typical undemocratic view that a dominant state can do as it likes with "its own" when "its own" are historically alien has little real backing in this country. It is clearly recognized that the ultimate test of sovereignty is consent, that in the absence of consent society is almost certain to become polluted and the corruption that accumulates and spreads cannot be ignored because of any plausible surface assertion of sovereignty. The excursion of Mr. Walsh and his co-workers in the vineyard, therefore, is rightly judged by its relation to the merits of the Irish question and not by the diplomatic etiquette which is necessarily subservient of the status quo.

Messrs. Walsh, Dunne and Ryan undoubtedly represent a large body of opinion. According to Sir Horace Plunkett, public opinion in America is today more aroused against England than he has known it to be for years, and while the opinion thus described may be largely Irish-American, tarred with the brush of organized politics, Plunkett's estimate is still a scrupulously honest estimate and it ought to help Englishmen to see the visit of the American delegates in perspective. There may be bloodshed in Ireland, as the New York Times prophesied on Sunday, and when it comes about it may appear to Englishmen as still another proof of Irish lawlessness, but Mr. Asquith's recent contemptuous denunciation of the government's Irish policy unites with the news of military activity in Ireland to give the most cautious observer the conviction that the British government's measures are dangerously provocative. The American delegates arrived in Dublin last week to find their reception hall—the Mansion House of Dublin—surrounded by British troops armed with machine guns, pursuing two political runaways. The constant display of British troops in Ireland is certainly not designed to promote constitutional agitation. It has no plain military necessity back of it. It is a political demonstration and practically amounts to the announcement that Ireland's self-determination must coincide with England's pre-determination, even if the Allies once shouted self-determination until they were black in the face.

Nothing has yet altered the fact that the doctrine of self-determination is a most significant and indispensable international doctrine, and no one asserts that the United States espoused it hypocritically. The English realize the force of this argument. In every possible way, by censorship and embassy and speaker and writer, they are battling to win American opinion in regard to the "domestic" question of Ireland. But it is hard to battle for it while parading tanks and bombing-aeroplanes and machine guns in Ireland. It is hard to battle for it while writhing under the candor of the American envoys. It would be better, obviously, either to meet Irish demands for self-determination in a constitutional manner or else to convince the world that there is no Irish question, that a majority of the Irish really do want to remain British subjects of their own free will.

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The Mayor of Sioux City

NOT only in the Middle West but in the East has Mr. Wallace M. Short come in for criticism. Mr. Short is mayor of Sioux City, Iowa. When the I. W. W. planned a convention in Sioux City, several weeks ago, Mr. Short was urged by many people to forbid it. He refused. He not only refused, but he promised protection to the convention insofar as its delegates abided by the law. He agreed, moreover, to deliver an address at the opening session of the convention. And he went to the I. W. W. hall and delivered that address on the 21st of April.

The obvious foil for Mr. Wallace M. Short is Mr. Ole Hanson. Sioux City vs. Seattle. In Seattle, a mayor vigorously at work to protect the standards of law and order; in Sioux City, a mayor so conciliatory as to make it seem impossible that he is himself not in sympathy with the doctrines of class warfare and revolutionary violence.

It has not been possible to judge how far these charges against Mr. Short are justified; because no newspaper, even in Sioux City, has printed the full text of the address he made to the I. W. W. convention. But the speech has now been published as a circular—by his friends.

What does Mr. Short say to the I. W. W.? He begins by disputing the I. W. W. doctrine that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common." There is more truth, he says, in the doctrine that "the interests of the worker and employer are one." For America has millions of contented workers, living in homes they have won for themselves by years of labor; and because of this fact "the order and progress of American society is secure." "We are closer today than ever before," says Mr. Short, "to the time when each man may enjoy his fair share of the product of his toil." "The worst enemies of progress are they who hope to reap a sudden reward." "There are men who would tempt you to believe that the day is coming when men will go and take by violence what they want. I wish to say with all earnestness that such an idea has absolutely not a shadow of a chance of success in America. It will not be tolerated for a moment."

In statements so positive as these the most scrupulous critic will not find approval of the I. W. W., either in principle or in method. What else was there to earn him the bitter criticism he has had?

Mr. Short, in his address, made the mistake of showing that he *understood* the I. W .W. He made the error of looking for the causes of that activity which he was condemning. "If you men were the only sinners in society, I might possibly throw a stone at you, and nothing else." But there are other sinners. Mr. Short selects as an instance the men who adulterate food. They have companions in the men who sweat children in workshops, in the profiteers and in the other members of the happy family of bad citizens. In their own unspectacular and more effective way, these men are as steadily undermining our society as are the members of the I. W. W., with all their sensationalism. They are, in fact, furnishing the material from which the I. W. W. draws its only effective arguments.

Mr. Short drew the fire of his critics because he understood the I. W. W.; and because he understood, also, the responsibilities of his office. There are state and federal laws that a mayor must support; it is equally his duty to protect those who respect these laws. To refuse that protection is to show as clear a disregard for law and as shameless a resort to violence as the members of the I. W. W. are themselves condemned for showing. Such a refusal, moreover, only makes a new talking-point for the I. W. W., and in this case a valid one. Protection for all men regardless of color or creed, so long as they conform to the laws of the land; prosecution when they violate those laws—surely in standing on such principles as these Mr. Short has as many precedents as he needs.

The address which has won for Mr. Short so much criticism might in fact serve as a guide-post for many mayors in these days of uneasiness. Mr. Short refused to let the I. W. W. advocate violence; he also refused to deny the plain rights of its members insofar as they respected the law. He condemned the advocacy of revolution; yet went behind that advocacy to throw light on the reasons why the I. W. W. makes progress. He is indeed at the opposite pole from Mayor Hanson. He does not advocate violence, and he is therefore less likely to arouse it.

The New
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Mr. Burleson, Section 481 1-2 B

WHEN Lajpat Rai's Open Letter to David Lloyd George was excluded from the American mails, the notice of exclusion was sent to its publisher by the Executive Postal Censorship Committee, 641 Washington Street, New York. The publisher acknowledged the notice but inquired: "Will you be good enough to tell me the grounds on which this pamphlet is interdicted?" The chairman of the Executive Postal Censorship Committee replied: "I beg to say that if the reasons are not obvious to you or anyone else having the welfare of this country at heart, it will be useless for me to attempt to present them. It is not the purpose of this Bureau to enter into arguments or explanations."

In that tone our administrative method of enforcing the censorship begins. We have a certain amount of censorship all the time, in peace as well as in war—over obscenity, for instance. Last year the Post Office Department declared an issue of the Birth Control Review non-mailable for containing a review of a book by Dr. Marie C. Stopes—Married Love—which the Post Office Department had previously declared non-mailable. Dr. Stopes's book circulates without official reproach in England; and the editors of the Birth Control Review did not know that it had been officially condemned in America; and their review of it contained no sentiment and no word which could possibly, by anybody, be regarded as obscene. Yet a whole issue of their magazine, so far as the mails were concerned, was banned and lost.

Such censorship is always with us, and there is a fair chance that it will be enlarged by Congress to cover and to prevent the expression of opinion by "Bolsheviki"—which will mean Mensheviki, too, and a good many other people. The belief in censorship is strong. Therefore the choice of method in administering it has a practical importance.

In the Post Office Department the censorship begins with a denial of essential information by the local Post Office authorities. The Executive Postal Censorship Committee was quite right in not furnishing any explanations to a publisher whose book was stopped. Explanations at such times are not in harmony with Post Office tradition or, for that matter, with Post Office administrative law.

Sections 481½ and 481½B of the Postal Laws and Regulations were issued to the local Post Office authorities throughout the country to instruct them about their duties as censors under the provisions of the Espionage act and of the Trading-with-the-Enemy act. Both sections contain the customary Post Office administrative regulation: "Postmasters shall not give opinions to the public."

Postmasters have suspicions, but no opinions. A postmaster reads a newspaper and suspects it to be non-mailable because of a certain editorial. If the publisher shows him the editorial before he prints it and asks him about its mailability, the postmaster will express no opinion. By regulation he will express no opinion. But when the editorial has been set up and printed, and when the whole issue of the newspaper containing it is off the press, he reads it and suspects it to be seditious or otherwise improper. He at once stops all copies in the mails and sends a sample copy to Washington. Washington perhaps is not much bothered by the editorial. But it finds a cartoon which it greatly dislikes. It sends an order accordingly to the postmaster. But this order may say nothing about the cartoon. It may simply command an exclusion from the mails. It may give no reason. In any case, the postmaster gives the publisher no reason. The proper notification to a publisher is in the form following excerpted from the files of the New York Call.

January 22, 1919.

Publisher, New York Call

DEAR SIR:

In accordance with advice from the Solicitor for the Post Office Department, you are hereby notified that the following issue of your publication is non-mailable under the Espionage act:

T. G. PATTEN,
Postmaster, New York.

December 14, 1918.

The dates are quite successful. Date of issue excluded: December 14, 1918. Date of notification of exclusion: January 22, 1919. Thirty-nine days after a publisher mails an issue, he learns that it was never delivered to his subscribers. But the chief thing is that he does not know—he cannot be sure—just what it was that made that issue non-mailable.

He perhaps starts writing to Washington. Writing to Washington is often even officially advised. The Executive Postal Censorship Committee said to Lajpat Rai's publisher: "If you are dissatisfied with our communication, it is suggested that you take up the matter directly with the Censorship Board at Washington."

Lajpat Rai's publisher, however, was already writing to Washington. On February 5, 1918, regarding certain other books of his, he had already asked the Solicitor for the Post Office Department why they had been declared non-mailable. On February 13th he asked again. On February 20th

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he again asked. Later, on the same general subject of non-mailability, he asked the same sort of question, in other letters. The first reply he got to any of them was in March of 1919. It said that he might "submit a statement."

The fact is that the Post Office Department is often almost as dumb by correspondence as it is through its local postmasters. The wise publisher will perhaps get on a train and go down to Washington himself and demand a personal hearing. By such earnestness the Department has often been persuaded to go to its files and dig out the publisher's crimes and divulge them to him.

They are serious crimes, and their punishment is serious. To exclude a publisher's property from transportation in the mails (and so, under the law, from all transportation) is to destroy it. Even to exclude it simply from the second-class mails may in some cases destroy it. So the publisher who demands a hearing is really demanding a trial. He is demanding to be tried before he is sentenced to loss of property, and of reputation. He sometimes gets the hearing. He never really gets the trial.

The New York Call got the fullest trial known to the Post Office Department. What was it?

The publisher learned his crimes, yes. He had come to Washington, and he got a list of all his articles found objectionable. Many of them were objectionable not because they in any way attacked the war, but because they attacked men regarded as important to the war or to the government. He had printed, for instance, a dispatch from his correspondent in Washington saying:

"Suspicion that the Administration has turned the 'labor element' over to the tender mercies of the National Civic Federation was aroused when Ralph Easley, Secretary, and V. Everit Macy, President, of the organization founded by the late Mark Hanna to handle the discontent of the working class, held a star chamber session with Samuel Gompers and a group of friends in Room 137 of the Willard Hotel today."

The Department told the publisher of the Call that such dispatches were seditious. For his wisdom in coming to Washington he did get information. But, if justice still includes the idea of "due process of law," in Webster's definition of it, he got no justice.

The Department, through the Third Assistant Postmaster General presided. It accused and listened and sentenced. Two newspaper men tried vigorously to attend. They were vigorously kept out. The public has no right to attend a Post Office Department hearing. The public did not attend that one. It did not attend as auditors or as jurymen or as subpoenaed witnesses. Nor did it attend as judge. There was no judge. There was only, in the person of the Department, a prosecuting attorney who presently repeated his indictment and called it a verdict. It excluded the Call from the second-class mails.

Proceeding onward a publisher may now appeal to the regular judicial courts. He may. In practice he seldom does. The courts have shown him pretty clearly just where it is that a citizen stands when once he has had a difference of opinion with the Postmaster General.

In the Masses case, which was probably the leading Post Office censorship case during the war, the New York Circuit Court of Appeals said:

"If the Postmaster General has been authorized and directed by Congress not to transmit certain mail matter by mail and is to determine whether a particular publication is non-mailable under the law, his decision must be regarded as conclusive by the courts, unless it is clearly wrong."

The words, "clearly wrong" are settling. In political discussions, in literary performances, in judgments about "seditiousness" and "obscenity" and "scurrilous language" directed against our "institutions," how often can anybody be "clearly wrong"? Under this rule, whenever any opinion reached by the Postmaster General is an opinion reachable and holdable by a reasonable man, it is extremely unlikely to be reversed. But we all know that in times of excitement the opinions reached and held by reasonable men are often monstrous, and are afterwards admitted to be monstrous. This rule is a license to the panic of any moment. Mr. Burleson and his assistants have been extremely successful in keeping within the law. But the law, statutory and judicial together, is a sort of all-outdoors for the passing mood of the majority and for the personal peculiarities of any Postmaster General and his assistants.

Thorstein Veblen wrote his Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution in 1915. In 1918 its publisher received two certain letters about it, within a week of each other. The first was from the Postmaster of the City of New York. It said:

"In accordance with advice from the Solicitor for the Post Office Department you are hereby notified that the book entitled Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution by Veblen, published by you, is non-mailable under the Espionage act."

Without reason alleged, without "opinion" given, a most important work is instantaneously barred from sale through the Post Office, and from all sale. Under Section 481½ of the Postal Laws and Regulations the publisher will now refrain from mailing it. Under Section 481½ B, embodying the Espionage act, he will refrain from in any other manner transporting or carrying or distributing it. Under section 481½B the legalized arbitrari-

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ness of the Postmaster General over the government's own postal service is extended to all other transporting and carrying and distributing services or acts in the whole country public or private. Section 481½B is the climax of the long process through which, by way of lotteries and by way of frauds and by way of obscenity and by way of war-time censorship, the Post Office Department has passed from being a public utility into being also an administrative judicial anti-judicial engine of sudden secret arbitrary governmental attacks on the properties and good names of citizens.

The second letter that came to the publisher of Veblen's book was from the managing editor of a New York newspaper. It said:

"The Committee on Public Information has called our attention to a book published by you under the title Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution, suggesting the use of its findings for the purpose of enlightening our readers as to certain political groups in Germany. We might like to bring out chapters five and six and seven and herewith beg to inquire whether you have any objection against such use."

The publisher followed up this second letter rapidly. He went to see the writer and asked him just what the Committee on Public Information had said. It had said this:

"We call your attention to certain penetrating chapters and passages in Veblen's Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution, especially with reference to how this feudal group has made terms with the industrial revolution which everywhere else has made for democracy, but which they in Germany have so dominated as to make it fit into their political and social scheme."

Here was a considerable divergence in peculiarities. The Committee on Information thought that the book was damaging to Germany. The Post Office thought it was damaging to America.

These two opinions, in a court in which opinions were received on their merits, might perhaps be given equal weight. In fact, since the Committee on Public Information makes its living principally by reading and writing and since the Post Office Department lives principally by fetching and carrying, the judge and jury might even listen more attentively to the Committee than to the Department and, for literary criticism, might prefer a literary specialist to a transportation expert. They might begin by doing so. In the end each opinion would speak for itself. In our present system it is not so. In our present system Mr. Creel might prove that he understands the immense anti-German use of Veblen's book, but Mr. Burleson would score a probably winning point over him by simply proving himself to be Postmaster General.

In the Masses case Judge Ward wrote a concurring opinion. He implied that the determination of seditiousness is a determination of fact, and said:

"The conclusion of the Postmaster General, in matters of fact, whether we agree with him or not, is final."

So we get an administrative method which apparently has been very congenial to Mr. Burleson and his assistants. It starts with giving the whole benefit of every doubt to the Department against the citizen, and it goes on then quite securely to almost any degree of arbitrariness in carrying out the Department's decisions.

In the spring of 1918 the Intercollegiate Socialist Society mailed some six hundred copies of Norman Angell's pamphlet, Why Freedom Matters, to students in colleges, members of the Society. The Post Office Department may well have been annoyed. Why Freedom Matters is devoted to a devastating proof of the harm done by censorship at all times. Still, it said nothing against the war; and its author in court could show that when the United States was neutral he urged us to go into the war. His fault in this pamphlet was purely the fault of proving that free speech is a good thing.

The mailing was done in May, and all copies were accepted by the Post Office without protest, and the Society supposed that the distribution had taken place. On November 26th it was notified that all copies were non-mailable, and it was also notified: "Copies of this pamphlet mailed by you have therefore been disposed of as non-mailable." Inquiry revealed the meaning of the words "disposed of." They meant, in this case, destroyed. Without a trial, without a day in court, without a day even in the secret personal court of the Department, and without notice, the property of the Society, on its way from its headquarters to its members, is seized and destroyed.

If we are going to have a censorship, we ought at least to provide it with an administrative method not so much a combination of autocracy and sabotage.

WILLIAM HARD.

New Moon

Little shiver across the sky,
Hoar frost among the daisy-buds,
Light-struck cymbal in the midst of flutes,
Byzantine in stiff skirts
Holding upright jewelled palms,
White prick-eared gazelle of heaven,
Scent of wild may on the morning breeze,
Wisp of tantalization,
Sliver of delight,
Archaic gaiety—
Little new moon!

—ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

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More About That

"WHAT do the Americans really think about the French?" . . . a question not infrequently asked me by some of my French friends, and one which I have found it rather hard to answer categorically. As if one were held up at the street-corner with, "What do you think of life, or art. . . ." or something like that. One is inclined to parry and propose a toast to King Peter. Of course if one happens to be on the platform of the public square, anticipating one of those gorgeous sheaf-tributes of chrysanthemums, roses, and dark-shining laurel leaves which the French love so well to make and make so well, one can seek refuge, after the manner of all good orators, behind the magic names of Washington and Lafayette, the glories of Quebec, and the tears of Evangeline. Fortunately I have never been asked the question under those circumstances. My questioner happens to be a sweet-smiling, middle-aged French lady, with twinkling eyes, twinkling ears, and hair coiffed into a monumental sequence of graduating terraces, quite effective—when seen. We have reached coffee and Caillaux has been damned. That much I have gathered from the last half-hour's conversation rippling around the table. The sous-préfet has sung one of his famous Breton chansons. Everyone has applauded. The sous-préfet's head has sunk upon his breast reminiscently.

"What do you really think . . . you Americans?" The lady is persistent. And for the moment I know that Washington and Lafayette won't suffice. We must take them for granted. It is the opinion of the doughboy walking up Avenue Thiers, of the clerk in the Headquarters building, of the Casuals' mess sergeant that she is after. We are good friends and she expects a frank answer. Earlier in the evening with the advent of truffled pigs' feet and tepid bordeaux has she not made several crisp observations touching us Americans? Are we not . . smiling . . impatient . . lavish . . tall . . healthy . . brusque, and of doubtful aesthetic discrimination—this latter thrust based upon the enormous vogue of souvenir pillows, aprons, etc., thickly embroidered with violent looking eagles, flags, legends and gold lace, that blaze forth helter-skelter in shops which hitherto had exhibited their lingerie with creditable discretion and sobriety. "What will your people think of us, when you take such things back into America? . . and we have so much that is really beautiful . . and really French."

But what is my answer to her question? What do the American soldiers, by and large, think of the French? One rather hesitates before committing the A. E. F. in whole or in part to any single opinion in matters where differences of opinion are permissible. Sweeping generalizations built upon anything like mere sudden personal inspiration usually lay themselves open to immediate and profuse contradiction. There seems to be, however, an attitude of adverse criticism toward the French prevalent in certain quarters of the A. E. F. (quite outside purely military relationships). What are the causes of it and to what extent is it justifiable?

We all admit that it is our present duty and desire to be in relations of understanding and cordiality with our Allies, and we hope with time and the healing of old and new wounds to extend our sympathies in ever widening circles. Considering France alone for the moment, it seems to me that this understanding, if it is to be permanent and valuable, must be as thorough a thing as possible; something not vouched for in official circles only, but thrusting down its roots through all strata of society—the voiceless as well as the voiced—and fusing the spirits of all men who, through the turn of circumstance, find themselves momentarily rubbing elbows together.

As sovereignties we must first remember to learn the art of concession. Not only the diplomats at Paris; the enraptured students at the Sorbonne; the generals commanding the regions; but the pusher of the *charrette-à-bras* and the driver of the American side-car; the vender of grapes in the marketplace and the purchasing doughboy; the proprietor of the *salle-des-bains* and the perspiring corporal; the well-waxed lieutenant and the countess at tea—all these should approach one another with a sense of humility, a willingness to learn and appreciate, and an inclination to discover points of similarity rather than a predetermination to stress differences.

Such methods, when it is possible to pursue them, are not usually without reward. As everyone knows, we often find that despite variable shadings of thought and spiritual texture the other fellow is fundamentally of the same stuff and design as ourselves. And the more of ourselves we find in him, the better we like him. It is a pleasant adventure in self-discovery . . . a policy not advocated in Machiavelli's syllabus.

In other words, I am not the Shah of Persia's friend simply because we have never become sufficiently well acquainted.

As between Americans and French, it seems to me that much of the adverse criticism now afloat and landing weekly at Hoboken is due to this same lack of acquaintance and nothing more. One must take into consideration the conditions under which we meet. Abnormal at best. The Americans are restless, army-weary and hungry for home. Here one ventures to be almost dogmatic. And while

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relatively few have fallen into anything like a green and yellow melancholy, there seems to be general proneness to irritation. This irritation must vent itself. The French offer a convenient target.

What have we against them? For one thing they are foreigners, and of course from a purely local point of view to be a foreigner of any kind has always been a questionable and slightly damning assumption. They have rainy winters. They are masters of a politeness of manner which excites our suspicion and puts us on our guard. Can a person be at once so gracious—and thoroughly trustworthy? They wave their hands when they talk. We don't do that. They walk upon all sides of the street at the same time, without any traffic sense whatever. And of course our sense for traffic is one of our dominating impulses. They have soft musical voices, many of them, and speak an utterly unintelligible gibberish. Therein lies a most potent cause for irritation . . . to be surrounded by conversation which is at once significant and meaningless. One imagines the worst, just as one grows distracted upon being blindfolded and left after dark in a Zoo. Again, while our legs still submit to the sweet bondage of khaki, our Frenchman, newly demobilized, is pursuing life and happiness in civilian togs, rejoicing in a freedom which we have temporarily laid aside and ache to resume. They are *chez eux.*

Many of our adverse criticisms might resolve themselves into an analysis of our own discontent. Some of us have seen nothing but mud in France and mistake it for the population.

Small things irk us. Tailors are slow. Sanitation is slow. Bathhouses are slow. One waits an hour sometimes for a meal which Childs would turn out in thirty seconds. And what is an ancient, cumbersome, if *veritable* Louis XV bed compared with a light and airy bird's-eye maple . . . such as one finds at Wanamaker's—by the thousand! But on his side, no doubt, the Frenchman finds things in us to criticize. Our impatience is irritating. We eat like Goths. Our passing trucks cast twilights of mud on his shop windows, and kill his customers. We consume unpardonable quantities of firewood. French fireplaces cannot stand our heat. Bundles of fagots sometimes disappear from the roadside at night . . . even occasionally an old chair (its age is no protection). We begin erecting a stable in the midst of a farmer's cabbage patch, to his great astonishment, and make perfectly amicable arrangements for the occupation—later. The Frenchman takes life at a jog-trot and not at a gallop. He has lived longer than we have, and fought more wars. He is part of a very old establishment and he has absorbed a little of the indifference of age. He admits it with a shrug. The American is young. Whatever he wants, it must be done on a bigger scale than ever before, and done more quickly. *Tout-de-suite!* . . . an expression which has come to be generally accepted as meaning *next week* by each of the contracting parties. That point, at least, has been reached in mutual understanding.

But more is needed. Lacking the gift of tongues, toleration and a sense of humor must frequently take the place of more specific explanation. If, for instance, we could only realize that at the bathhouse two of the three showers were broken yesterday by Americans who attempted to turn the cold faucet until it would run hot, and that the three pieces of coal destined for the bathhouse furnace were delayed an hour in arrival because the donkey who hauls the express wagon disappeared mysteriously in the night, and that the entire supply of towels has not been washed this week because at the last moment the laundress's daughter fell ill of the grippe . . and that it is for these reasons alone that we are refused admission to the bathhouse and not through mere stubbornness on the part of the proprietor . . . If, I say, we could understand all *that* our judgment of M. Levrault would be tempered with consideration, at least, if not with mercy.

As everyone admits, it would be so much more practical if we only spoke the same language, or at least if we all spoke French.

Another criticism against the French, and one which cannot be dismissed so lightly as some others, perhaps, is in the matter of trading. The American frequently claims that he is cheated and overcharged. I believe that criticism along this line even brought forth a statement from M. Clemenceau admitting that instances of injustice had undoubtedly occurred, but that in all ways possible the authorities had taken steps to minimize such occurrences, such as the designation of certain preferred Franco-American trading districts. Admitting that such things have sometimes happened, the vice is not an exclusively French one. And obviously one should not judge an entire society according to the behavior of a few of its worst members. And in this matter also, in all fairness, I think that some of the Americans are partly to blame. Their seeming disregard for money when it is theirs to spend for pleasure astonishes and delights and undoubtedly often tempts the war-pinched, more frugal-minded Frenchman. It is a human failing. Imagine a lot of East Indians billeted in Cleveland, their pockets crammed with seed pearls and gold nuggets. Our five francs and more a day compared with the poilu's five or seven cents make us appear like veritable *rentiers.* Considering the matter abstractly one might almost raise the question if it is such an injustice after all if we do sometimes pay

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a bit more than the poilu has to for the same article.

"*Toujours riches, les Americains*" is an accusation which the war has not wholly disproved, nor have we always tried to dispel the illusion of wealth. Being prodigal feeds one's vanity. If you tip the barber a franc for giving you a seventy-five centime haircut, you expect him to be a little bewildered and flattering. The barber in his enthusiasm quite likely tells the incident to his friend who runs a watch-repair shop, and the friend is equally bewildered and not flattering at all when you squirm and groan over the unexaggerated price of a new mainspring. Astonishing Americans. To you the difference may be quite obvious. The barber repairs the appearance of your head, while the watch is usually hidden under your sleeve. Lacking the gift of tongues, it might be difficult to make the watchmaker understand all this.

It is folly, of course, to attribute the high price of certain articles to a deliberate profiteering ambition on the part of the French. The price of the commodity is high simply because, through natural or unnatural causes, the commodity is scarce. The French would probably pass the same criticism upon New York. Consequently, when one of your friends comes storming into the billet and declares that Mme. Deveau at the corner store asked two francs for one large apple such as he paid a dollar a barrel for back in Dakota, you are forced to admit the truth along with the irrelevancy of his remark; for if you happen to have ridden out into the country, or have talked about the matter with the natives, you know that the apple crop last season was a pitiful thing hereabouts, and that no one buys apples—except the Americans—because the price is prohibitive. And, if, toward the first of the month, the Captain or the top-kick with his *beaucoup* newly acquired francs sets out to have a party, buying a fat duck or a chicken en route for sixty francs, he may call the price exorbitant, if he likes, but it is not extortion, simply because the article is a luxury and he is not obliged to buy it. In point of fact, the hardship often falls on the other end of the teeter, for by helping to boost prices we force the native to pay more heavily for his essentials and ordinary living. . . . or else reduce him to a diet of *potage au pain*.

A Frenchman once summarized to me the American opinion of his people thus: "You think the men are brave, the women light, and the children beggars." We both agreed that the judgment was a bit too unelastic to be wholly trustworthy. Children are children, and the Americans like to spoil them. If, for example, while standing with packs slung awaiting to be unloaded from the mottle-sided steamer, you begin by throwing coins on the wharf—as tourists always do—merely for the sake of watching the gamins scramble, you may naturally expect to be asked for another souvenir when you cross the gangplank. But the children of France are not all wharf gamins, any more than all the women of France are to be found on the Paris streets.

With some smatterings of the language; with a fragmentary and thoroughly inaccurate recollection of French history and bits of French literature as a background, my personal contact with the French back in the S. O. S. area has always been agreeable and enriching. A generous hospitality—as instanced by the old simple woman of Chemiré who, when we were billeting the town, gave two of her four rooms and her husband's workshop—everything she could . . . . for . . "Haven't I two sons myself at the front," she said, "aren't you far from your mothers?" . . . . or by the kindly mayor and his wife at Lavardin whose son was home on a ten days' permission and who invited my companion and me to share their fare and roof while marking the houses and barns of their village. An instructive courtesy—I recall the *garde-champêtre* at Allonnes. A lieutenant and I had tramped all one Sunday with him over fields and hedges and ditches. It grew tiresome, rather, but when at the end of it I thanked him, he replied, "Not at all . . . I am only doing my duty . . . It is we who thank you for coming to our aid." He was a short, sturdy little man with a ruddy bronzed face and white moustache. He fitted well the earthen color of his own doorway—but he might have lived in New England for that matter. Responsiveness, a passionate love of country steeling them to all endurances, a gay and splendid courage, subtlety, above all a great sense for humor and the comic, these qualities I found abundantly in my contact with them under all sorts of circumstances. And as my work gave me unusual privileges of intercourse, so perhaps it provided me with a more than usual opportunity to get something of their point of view and to judge them less partially.

In the end I suppose that the general question must be given the personal answer. What *we* really think about the French is as various as what *you* and *I* really think. The great regret is that the difference of language erects an impeding wall between us, the chief difficulty, in my opinion, to our arriving at complete mutual understanding, appreciation and friendship. But let us get below the surface as much as possible before forming our opinion.

Lux fiat; amor sequitur.

The sous-préfet is going to sing another song. "And Lafayette, madame, was superb."

EVERETT GLASS.

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American, Boy and Man

AMERICA is simply amazing; that has been the comment of our visitors from abroad ever since we entered the war. We had been credited with a profound love of peace, but how quickly we succeeded in making a religion out of the war. We had been accused of a soft sentimentalism, but how we rejoiced in the complaints from the Land of Frightfulness that our men were applying the practices of Indian warfare. We had gloried in our tolerance and respect for individual liberty, but we proved capable of terrorism against dissident opinion without a parallel in the world of liberal nations. When the armistice was signed we were still fresh; our European Allies were almost despairing of ever rolling off the crushing incubus of war. Who went wild with enthusiasm over the victory? Not England, nor France, Italy or Belgium, but America. And the soldiers of our Allies have been returning quietly home, but with us parading has become a chief industry.

Shall we try to explain all this in terms of war psychology? That would be futile. The war turned us loose to act like ourselves. To act like boys, that is what it amounts to. Fate has denied us many gifts that other peoples regard as good, but in recompense she has endowed us with a boyishness the like of which, in intensity and duration, is not known anyhere else in the world. Have you ever considered that when you say "Just like a boy," you mean something specifically American? Nothing is farther from your thought than the pale, brooding man child of Europe or Asia. That man child is old, as the oldest things in the world. He has no characteristic life of his own, but participates immaturely in the cultural life of the adult. As he passes into manhood he does not grow younger. What thing is there more serious than the French youth of eighteen? Even the British youth wants only color and waist to be a testy John Bull, or he wants only wrinkles and a stoop to be an anxious liberal. But the American boy derives from himself, not from the adult state. He has his own dreams and ideals, his own canons of conduct. He has in fact an organized culture, self-determined, self-assertive, so definite and vital that it resists and largely absorbs the disintegrating forces of adulthood. Therefore we remain boys through college and through our business apprenticeship. With success, to be sure, we assume a formidable front of some continental model. The President of the First National Bank, for example; who would care to tweak the ear of the boy implicit in him? But observe him relaxed in the Pullman smoking compartment: might you not venture to propose a game of marbles for keeps?

"Come on, boys," we cry, when we are all on the shady side of forty. "A fine old boy," we say of Chauncey Depew, and he likes it. Imagine the mien of Cicero if Atticus had described him, as "lepidus puer senilis." When the emotions of a Greek shot out into the realms beyond rational utterance he cried, "Oh Zeus!" The Roman invoked the mighty Hercules; we gasp, "Oh Boy!"

According to the newer psychology, you can find out a lot about a culture if you will examine its dreams. The American boy is a great dreamer: let us listen in. Here is a boy standing out of the personality of the greatest American statesman you can think of. Observe him of a drowsy Sunday morning strolling aimlessly about the garden, his spindling legs shooting like mushroom stalks out of his Sunday knickerbockers. He is the kind of boy that alternates between the most seemly repression and the most reprehensible boisterousness. What a frank air he affects: you have to know him well to realize that he is secretive as a squirrel with a nut too hard to crack. What is going on underneath his home-made haircut? A grandiose world of action in which he achieves the most incredible deeds of valor and the most marbly deeds of noble renunciation. He has been reading Plutarch and for days he has been enacting, in generous detail, Themistocles and Aristides against the Great King, with himself in the role of the brilliant Themistocles and the incorruptible Aristides, magically made one. The ostracism election is held, with great excitement at the polls, and turns into a great victory for Thomas the valorous, the brilliant and the just. Suddenly the scene shifts: swords and spears are replaced by repeating rifles, Gatling guns, and thundering cannon; vast empires are being laid waste in the wrath of a just war. White Tsars and haughty Kaisers are on their knees, surrendering jewelled swords and listening humbly to words of magnanimity and noble democratic pride. "In America we are all real Tsars and Kaisers. Leave your slavery to pomp and trappings and come to our shores to live as free men!"

"O Tom!" sounds a voice from the kitchen. "You haven't fed the chickens."

So widely do the American boy's fancies range, that he is almost sure to hit upon the dreams that are destined to come true. Decades ago, no doubt, Pershing dreamed himself at the grave of Lafayette, uttering in a moved, manly voice the words, "We are here, Lafayette." Decades ago General Wood dreamed himself standing upright under the weight of green laurels while tribunes of the people thrice offer him the presidential scepter, to be refused in the end with a sublime frown. Mr. Hines dreamed himself a Laocoon, keeping a brave, smiling face while the railway coils gradually

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choked the life out of him. Nicholas Murray Butler dreamed himself Little Jack Horner. No doubt.

The true American boy dreams himself into heroism, each to his taste. Let us pass to the next stage of reality, the world of talk. Here also you catch the heroic note, modulated, however, to the hampering circumstances of time and place. You gather from the talk that your young American is rather more feared than loved at home, and is his mother's mainstay and prospective support, if anything happens to the "old man." You gather that he is uniformly victorious in single combat with boys ranging from one to five years older, and might have been equally victorious with one hand tied behind his back. A foreshadowing, you see, of our rescue of the Mother of the Arts and the way in which we won the war practically unaided by the French, the British, the Italians and other collective aliens. But in the world of talk the American boy ranges well beyond personal prowess. He glorifies his school, his baseball team, his town —the best school, the best team, the best town in creation—to which he will return and make a thrilling speech when he has won his honors in the great world. As for the rival town, faugh! Who could live there? The mud is unfathomable, the mothers can't cook, the boys are fish. Raise his stature a foot or more and make him institute a comparison between his own country and another. That other country, faugh! There is nothing contained within its whole boundaries to compare with the blissful shade of Maple Grove, or the gaiety of the Ideal soda fountain. Perhaps he doesn't mean all this? You never can tell. The American boy knows the difference between "honest to goodness" and bunk, but bunk is an art and an obligation, and must be put forth with honest to goodness gravity.

As to his codes of conduct, could anything be better regulated than his behavior in his own clan? The rights of mutual support are perfectly defined, the taunts and insults that may justify blows, at option, and those that must be followed by blows. There are definite rules as to how you may hit your enemy and how you may not and as to how you must deport yourself when your enemy "hollers 'nough." These apply, be it noted, only among peers. For the pariah among boys there are no mitigating rules. Do you remember how we treated the little half breed? First Willie licked him, then Charlie, and so on down to the least boy in the group who pummeled till his fists were sore while we held the victim. How he squealed, and how we enjoyed it! Those hard, flashing eyes of boyhood licensed to give dirty blows and win merit by it—they are hard to forget. Better not forget them, either, if you want to understand why unpopular races and minorities fare as they do among us.

Whence comes this phenomenon, the American boy and his continuation, the American man? In the first place, out of pioneering experience. When the Colonial settler packed wife and daughters and household goods into a cart to move forward into the wilderness, a most entrancing prospect opened before the eyes of the boy, planted on top of the load, and entrusted with the duty of watching for bears and for top knots of crouching Indians. Any boy might become a hero; enough did to distribute an oral and authentic tradition throughout the world of American boyhood. That is a first stage in the culture of any race or class: the development of heroes of your kind to emulate in dreams at least. The Revolution, which was so intelligible, so full of skirmishing and shooting from cover, crowned with such signal success, furnished a world of material for the culture of the American boy. If you got tired of playing Indian killing, you could alternate playing the killing of Britishers. From ambush, one, two, three, four Redcoats all in a heap, and a village saved!

But a culture needs also its visible, its auditory expression. Our boy culture found that, in the Fourth of July and the brass band. Observe, the culture must already have attained to self-consciousness before the Revolution, else how could the American boy have captured the national holiday? We have tried to take it away from him, but only half-heartedly. We are æons away from the time when we shall substitute for fireworks and the spread eagle a well considered, stimulating lecture by a Harvard professor drawing all the conceivable comparisons between Bunker Hill and the Battle of the Marne. We can't do it, because the boy and the brass band are in our blood.

Recall the time when you first made your own declaration of independence. Was it not when you slipped away from an unduly protecting mother to fall in behind the splendid uniformed figure beating the big drum, boom, boom, to the accompaniment of the brazen strains of the Star Spangled Banner —"Oh say does that Star Spangled banner still—" and then, most likely, the note split into a thousand fragments, patriotism not sufficing in the place of practice, and all the crowd yelled, and shivers of independence raced blissfully down your spine. How many months in the little white school house would equal in character-building potency that brilliant, noisy hour before your recapture and the parental admonitions that could really never reach the heart of you again?

The brass band is in our blood, and it is likely to bray forth on even the least occasion. And when a great war has been won what must happen? From

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coast to coast the band brays, and the boy who responds in ecstasy to it comes out into the open and sage observers make sage comment on our amazing war psychology. ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Lilies of the Field

AT last a Progressive rises to the defense of the Puritans. In a letter in this issue William Allen White exalts not merely the Puritan spirit but also the idea of purpose in art, and he does it with a generosity and good will and gaiety which are not supposed to go with Puritan sympathies. Hide the moral? Sugar the pill? Yes. But in every creative work there is "a great impulse, purpose, moral, aspiration, joy, propaganda or Heaven knows what of inspiration." "Leave to art some morals," he begs, "and to morals some form of art," and hats off to the Puritans.

The two strains of Mr. White's thought are more closely connected than first appears. The great criterion of the Puritans was the criterion of righteousness, or goodness, and it is the same moralistic principle that seems to him paramount in art. Not beauty, except subordinately. And to give co-equal importance to beauty looks to William Allen White like a betrayal of the spirit. He does not stand for everything the Puritans said and did. He is willing to have a flower-pot remain on the window-sill on Sunday, and I suspect he has no grudge against the movies or ice-cream cones or Sunday baseball. But he is one of those Progressives who just naturally passes from thinking of Boies Penrose to setting his jaw and singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The kill-joy in Puritanism is not so important as the glorious Armageddon in it. That is why William Allen White loves St. Michael, St. George and St. Theodore. And gentle though his own nature is, he is no less purposeful than was Mr. Roosevelt about the human pilgrimage. I am sure he has no more use than Mr. Roosevelt had for all those forms of art that are vaguely and darkly known as decadent.

There is of course such a thing as decadent art. "There is a spurious art and beauty, which being not free but subservient to a practical or sensuous end, cease to be objects of æsthetic judgment and become the legitimate prey of moral censure or commendation. And censure of these must indeed always be one degree truer than commendation; for a fraud, however pious, can never be wholly satisfying to morality. Now the pretence of beauty, in a presentation the true interest of which is other than æsthetic, must always be in some degree a fraud." These words of wisdom, Bernard Bosanquet's, apply equally to morality plays and leg shows, to religious novels like John Inglesant and dramas like The Jest. All of them, religious as well as sensuous, are decadent. But this does not mean that the first criterion for a work of art is to be the moral criterion. It is by the æsthetic criterion that it is to be judged. "Beauty, indeed," as Mr. Bosanquet also says, "within its own territory of expression for expression's sake, is secure from praise or censure upon purely moral grounds. But wherever expression is not for expression's sake, but is determined by alien motives such as the promotion of virtue and knowledge, or again the stimulation of sensuous desire, then it is outside the æsthetic frontier, and moral criticism upon it is justified not only in substance but also in form."

This is the nicest kind of reasoning, I think, and also the soundest. But what of beauty, and expression for expression's sake? Here, as I believe, Mr. White goes plain wrong. He may admire the Puritans unstintedly. He may say, as John Masefield said in 1910, that the Puritan story "is a story of the slow but noble triumph of all that is finest in the English temper"—than which, as Mr. Masefield coyly suggests, there is none finer. But does the Puritan tradition comprehend beauty, and expression for expression's sake, or is it so intent on moral purpose that it would make art its handmaiden, if indeed it tolerated art at all? Mr. White, it seems to me, does not face this definite aim of the Puritan to subordinate expression to moral purpose—or rather he does not realize that it is still the typical American subversion of beauty and art.

What is "expression for expression's sake"? Mr. Bosanquet's History of Æsthetic shows the tremendous struggle that has been sustained ever since the moralism of Plato and Aristotle to emancipate the philosophy of æsthetic. "It would be idle to deny," he says, "that both Plato and Aristotle are encumbered with moralistic considerations throughout the whole of their inquiry into the nature of fine art." William Allen White is in good company, but what about "the accepted modern doctrine that æsthetic interest in the beauty of a presentation is distinct from the real or selfish interest in its actual existence for the satisfaction of desire"? This is hard doctrine for a novelist. If, as Mr. Bosanquet asserts, "the moral and practical judgment is the first intellectual outcome of organized social life," it is extremely hard for a novelist to keep his mind off "the means and purposes of real action," to hold them to the world of beauty. Yet hold them he must if those consummate and exalting joys which are communicated by beauty are to be realized by

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the reader of the novel. "Consummate and exalting"? Yes. "If beauty is regarded as subservient to morality, or is judged by the standard of specifically moral ideas, it is beyond doubt unfree and dependent. But if the content of life and reason is taken into beauty and perceived not as the expression of morality, but as the utterance in another form of that reasonableness which is also to be found in morality, then we first destroy the restriction of ideal beauty to man—for there is reasonableness in all nature—and we secondly break down the extraordinary paradox that the highest beauty is the least free. That beauty which is the largest and deepest revelation of spiritual power is not the most dependent but the freest beauty, because it implies no purpose whatever excepting that which constitutes its own inmost nature, the expression of reason in sensuous form."

There is no full recognition in Puritanism that beauty, truth and goodness are born free and equal; and consequently there is a battle in Puritanism to subordinate everything to goodness. And that goodness is not always so socially advantageous, so democratic, as William Allen White seems to believe. "The Puritan philosophy of New England got the name of being democratic," said Charles Beard, "because the Puritans had resisted royal prerogative rather than because they entertained any equalitarian notions of democracy. As early as 1631 the people of Massachusetts provided that no one should be admitted as a free man unless he was a member of one of the churches, and to the very end a clear distinction was made between the inhabitants and the freemen enjoying political privileges. They regarded the Bible, interpreted by themselves, as the foundation of the state. . . . There was in New England, especially in the rural districts, a considerable democratic equality, but nowhere in the literature of New England do we find any real enthusiasm for democracy in the abstract. In fact John Cotton in 1644 declared that democracy was 'the meanest and worst of all forms of government.'"

My own objection to Puritanism is psychological. Puritanism distrusts human nature, and out of such distrust art cannot come. Furthermore, "repressed desires breed pestilence." William Allen White does not agree. He seems to take the view that Old Adam is never to be let out of our sight. If we give him an inch, he'll take an ell, so we've got to treat him rough. Repression is not only necessary, it is effective. The man who puts a strict watch on his tongue, on his temper, on his lusts, on his errant fancy, is pretty sure to be safe. The man who lets his fancy wander, the idle apprentice, is doomed in the end. . . . I do not share this notion. Old Adam proclaims himself all the more if he is fettered and bullied. The policy of repression, sternly and savagely inculcated by the Puritans, is certainly a limited one, and in my view worse than limited. And it is part of the crippling quarrel between beauty and morality.

My second objection to the Puritan is moral. It is based on his eventual subjection of morality to crass utilitarianism. Developing morality with a view to salvation, first of all, he soon came to a get-ahead programme. The deference of all ideas to one idea, of all purposes to one purpose, is just as apparent in the business Puritan as in the religious Puritan. Where do you find the hardest traders and skin-flints?

The Puritan has his excellence. He understands that because it is disagreeable to get up at 6 a. m., it is not by that fact unnecessary to get up at 6 a. m. This may be a simple advance on man's natural hedonism, but it is an advance that has proved substantial. The Puritan has overdone it. He has often put his love of art into disagreeable expression for disagreeable expression's sake. But it is idle to deny the Puritan excellence on that account. He does exact from himself with merciless severity the full amount of work that he owes to the world. He pays his way. He takes his job seriously. He sometimes has a dry humor about the devices of the ego that almost amounts to the comic spirit. He searches his conscience, even if with a worm's eye. He has a flavor, like a hard apple or a winter pear. He can be attractively reticent and brave and ascetic, although stern, God-fearful, unimaginative, inflexible. But these gains in personality, great as they are, scarcely counterbalance the awful dearth, the dull misunderstanding of beauty.

Matthew Arnold was a bitter witness to the triumph of Puritanism. "It led amongst that middle class where religion still lived on, to a narrowness, an intellectual poverty, almost incredible. They 'entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years.' It led to that character of their steady and respectable life which makes one shiver: its hideousness, its immense ennui."

That "hideousness" was primarily due, as I believe, to the omnivorous righteousness of the Puritan, his unwillingness to forget his moral purpose, to consider the lilies of the field. This is why I disagree with William Allen White concerning Puritanism, though I am the æsthetic beneficiary and happy personal debtor of William Allen White.

F. H.

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"Blessed Chaos" in Spain

CHAOS, without doubt, whether blessed or not, depends on the point of view, on how much one has to gain or lose from upsetting the present order, or on whether one feels sufficient confidence that those now mixing the chaos will be able to build something better. Unhappily there are a great many people in Spain who have very little to lose and very much to gain by destroying what now has but precarious life. It was Professor Julian Besteiro of the University in Madrid, member of the Cortez, who suggested the title of this article. Speaking recently in the Casa del Pueblo he worked up to this climax: "We hope that Spain will be able to reform without going through a period of chaos; if not, then 'Come, Blessed Chaos.'"

"For the last forty or fifty years Spain has postponed every question," explained the director of one of the numerous political parties, "and now every thing is coming back for an immediate answer." Strangely enough this man is leading a party which inclines more toward the Right than toward the Left. Indeed this is one of the characteristic facts of the present situation. The discontent is by no means confined to any one class. The present Cortez is only about ten per cent radical even if one counts in the Republicans, the Reformists and the Autonomists with the Socialists, but it is a well known fact that this group of forty or more liberals are representing a far larger constituency than was ever registered in any election. No legislation has been passed through the present Cortez in the face of the united opposition of this relatively small group of representatives.

Present day Spain has much in common with pre-revolutionary Russia: an acute agrarian problem in the south; an autonomy movement in the north and industrial disorders which amount practically to a beginning of the terror in Barcelona; an insurgent student body; a demand for actual religious liberty; dissatisfaction with and fear of the army; and actual physical hunger such as always sharpens the revolutionary appetite. In fact, when I left Spain on the 29th of March the larger part of the country was under martial law, the constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press and free public assembly had been suspended and strikes and riots were confined to no single locality. The common saying in the street was: "This looks like the beginning of the revolution." The Madrid newspapers announced that they would publish no editions the following day as a protest against the double censorship, for the unions as well as the government had undertaken to dictate what should be printed.

Spain is facing both political and industrial crises and the general tendency seems to be for the latter to displace the former in popular interest.

The Republican movement has passed its high point for the present. Some say that it was at its height last December but others feel that Spain was never so near a republican form of government as it was in the summer of 1917 when the Cortez was dissolved and a Rump met in Barcelona for the supposed purpose of drafting a new constitution. But at that time the Republican leader, Alexander Larroux, failed his followers, shipped his family off to France and then followed them, leaving the Republicans for six critical weeks without decisive orders. Meanwhile the King had won back the affection of a dissatisfied army and the monarchy dug in for another winter. The other day when I introduced the subject to some of the industrial leaders in Barcelona they displayed but a mild interest in a republic. The Republican movement, they assured me, is discredited by its leadership and history. "Why a republic when one sees Mexico? there is no special charm in the name." Even the leaders of the party have recently let it be known that they would be satisfied with such constitutional reforms as would retain the King and yet relegate him to a position similar to that held by the King in England.

The industrial questions are so many and so local that they hardly admit of classification. At the last harvest the peasants of Andalusia struck for very much higher wages. The demands were granted but the managers of the estates refused, in view of the increase of wages, to 'carry the peasants through the winter,' as has formerly been the custom. There has been actual starvation in Andalusia this year and the peasants are now planning a far more formidable strike for the coming harvest in May and June. This agrarian movement is purely syndicalist and the peasants are openly arguing that the land belongs to them because they work it. A university student was recently lecturing to a group of them on the theory of Socialism when one man interrupted, "We don't care about science; we want bread and dynamite."

"These people are no fools," said the man who told me about it, "they have even organized the wet-nurses into a syndicate which is prepared to join in a sympathetic strike whenever the occasion arises."

Last November the railway workers demanded an increase in wages. The matter was compromised by an agreement in which the workers supported the demands of the companies for government permission to increase the rates. The government approval was secured by a royal decree after the question had been violently opposed in the Cortez by the Socialist deputies, but the promised increase in wages has not been forthcoming.

"When you hear of a general railway strike in Spain you may be sure that something is going to happen," said well informed people to me. The strike was contemplated but the date had not been fixed when I left Madrid in the middle of March. Ten days later there was a railway strike, but owing to the censorship I was unable to learn how general it was. At the same time the increase in railway rates has been followed by an increase in the price of food-stuffs and the high cost of living was even then the fundamental cause of all the disorders throughout Spain.

In the last days of February the Cortez was suspended and bread-riots immediately broke out in Madrid during which two hundred provision shops were looted. The reason for the suspension of the Cortez was complicated. Some say that it was to get the deputies out of the way in order that the military might deal more directly with the strikes but the actual crisis came over the insistence of the deputies on discussing the Morocco question. The King had given an interview to the Petit Parisien in which he had stated that Spain desires the status quo in Morocco. The Cortez took exception to the interview for two reasons. In the first place it was regarded as highly irregular for the King to assume that he could speak for the nation

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and in the second place Spain is far from unanimity about Morocco. The colony is, in the estimation of many people, the sole excuse for a standing army. The army is the bulwark of reaction and the defense of the monarchy. A disposal of Morocco, or even a modification of the present military administration would leave the army with fewer excuses for existence. There is, however, a growing doubt about the army. I have personally seen a soldier pounded by an officer for reluctance to use his bayonet on a mob of women as they angrily demanded the release of their husbands who had been arrested as strike leaders. The food-rioters in Madrid were handled very gently by the soldiers. Indeed it looked as though the orders were to let the mob have its way for a few hours, to vent its wrath and then subside, as actually happened.

The most formidable industrial situation is in Barcelona where a strike has been in progress for several months. It began with the workers of the so-called Canadian Company, the corporation representing the Pierson interests which supplies a large part of the light, heat and power for Barcelona and its environs. This strike has been unique as to method. One of the strikers told me that he considered it as "technically the best managed strike ever held." It was not preceded by the submitting of formal demands, nor were the leaders in evidence. One morning some of the clerks merely elected not to appear for work. The next day some other class of workers remained at home. In this way the paralysis was extended both in the Canadian Company and beyond it until there were more than thirty thousand strikers. Meanwhile the Terror began. In the course of the last eight months there have been more than eighty assassinations in Barcelona in which factory owners and managers have been killed and there have been no traces of the assassins. During the last days of February word was passed around to the banks that it would be wise for them to arm their employees and be prepared for eventualities. It was said that this time "not the convents but the banks would be the lightning rods." One man told me that in previous disturbances he had seen as many as six convents around Barcelona in flames at one time. The strike leaders, on the contrary, some of whom I was permitted to talk with under conditions of the greatest secrecy, assured me that violence was not contemplated and that the bomb-throwing and assassinations were inspired by the government as provocations to justify military intervention.

Early in March, Barcelona having been for some weeks under martial law, the government borrowed Briand's methods of 1910, mobilized the electrical workers and sent them back to work as soldiers to break the strike. Six refused to obey and were promptly held for court martial. Throughout the strike it had been the policy of the government to throw into jail the strike leaders, or the suspected leaders. More than a hundred strikers had passed through the jails but at the time of the arrest of the mobilized electrical workers there were only six reputed strike breakers in confinement. Feeling began to run high and doubt increased as to the loyalty of the soldiers to their officers. The strike was eventually settled in a tentative way with the provision that all the strikers would be immediately released. On Saturday, February 22nd, the strikers went back to work. On the following Monday at two o'clock a whistle sounded over the city and every worker quit. Even the taxi drivers drove their taxis off to the garages without waiting to collect their fares. The civilian prisoners had been released but the military had refused to surrender the mobilized strikers for they had been guilty of insubordination. In Spain military law is always supreme in that any offense against the military is tried in a military court.

Barcelona was immediately isolated from the rest of Spain. Telegraph communication was cut off, travel was prohibited and the trains stopped running. Three days later in the extreme south of Spain I saw another strike in progress and the report was that the industrial revolution had begun. The entire absence of authentic information since that date makes it impossible to know the full extent of the present chaos.

Spain affords an opportunity to observe the work of the Peace Conference and the building of the League of Nations. One is continually wondering how Spain will be related to the League and also how the League would function in case Spain breaks out in general conflagration. In the first place can Spain qualify for membership in the League when the sole power of declaring war is lodged in the hands of the King and when the Cortez would be abruptly dissolved or suspended when it suits his Majesty and his advisers? Is a nation which does not have religious liberty qualified to join a family of free nations? If revolution should break out, and at present only the date of the revolution seems uncertain, how would the League feel about it? A League of Nations bounded on the north by revolutionary Russia, Germany and Hungary, and on the south by revolutionary Spain would face the acid test such as first revealed the true genius of the Holy Alliance. France has large stakes in the peace of Spain for the syndicalists of Barcelona are separated from the syndicalists of France only by a range of mountains. England also has something at stake; Gibraltar is antiquated as a fortress; Cueta and that portion of Morocco which lies directly across the Strait is the real key to its military control; fifty per cent of the foreign investments in Spain are British and another thirty are French.

The problem is rendered still more difficult by the fact that the present government is so corrupt and the industrial and political system so federal as to lend a garb of righteousness to every popular outbreak.

Meanwhile the government is meeting discontent at starvation wages with drawn sabres, brutality and even with machine guns. This attitude has had the effect of provoking further disorders. Early in February two students in Granada were shot down by the soldiers during a student demonstration which had for its sole object a protest against boss rule. Two days later the students of Madrid organized a similar demonstration and actually forced the deputy from Granada, a brother of the boss, to flee from the city's largest hotel. TYLER DENNETT.

The Modern

To arise, like a shot at the click of the trigger, to be flung into the whirring trap of the world's machinery, to be driven, driven, driven, while the sun picks its leisurely steps across the pointed roofs which scrape the sky.

To fulfill the demands of the love-life in mechanical routine, yielding neither to the soft flavor of retrospection nor giving the reins to fresh adventure. To beget children at stated intervals, as proofs of citizenship or props for authority, bits of personal equipment in the vast paraphernalia of respectability. Then, to face the last adventure swathed and coddled by the devices of science, substituting oxygen for the oil of the sacrament. Out of these ironies is woven the belt of artifice with which civilization girds the modern. God, what a life!

ALICE RAPHAEL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

William Allen White to F. H.

DEAR F. H.: In a book review published recently in the New Republic, a review which interested me (and alas disturbed me) greatly, I find that you hold that when a moral or a purpose or propaganda of any sort comes into a novel art flies out of the window. Now looking at the particular book under review, and looking at it in the perspective which comes when one backs off a few months from publication, I think your review is just. The moral of the book did reduce whatever artistic quality it might otherwise have had. But I cannot feel that, speaking broadly, a story is necessarily marred because it has a purpose, or a moral if you will, or because it carries what we call propaganda. Indeed I feel that a story is a good story only if it does have a purpose—some sort of moral purpose. Now by moral purpose I do not mean a Christian moral, but rather some reason for being underlying the tale itself, and quite outside the tale itself.

Is not every story worth telling the dramatization of an idea? Is not the idea beneath the story the real spirit which carries the story, which gives the story its power? From Cinderella to the Four Horsemen, every story worth reading, if one considers it, seriously and closely, will resolve itself finally into a basic idea. Now the basic idea of the story you were reviewing was that in this world at least, and probably in all the worlds to come, spiritual excellence has no material reward, and that spiritual decay has no material punishment. The dramatization now seems to be bad; the author hated his villain too much. The villain had his good points; he must have had his softer moments, his mellower sides, and yet the poor devil was forever being banged around for six hundred pages, kicked and scorned and reviled. Who would not have been a hardened and impossible case with such treatment! Similarly the hero was coddled too much. It is a great mistake to keep a hero in leading strings. Sooner or later he must face life and its realities, and if he has lived the sheltered life, your hero goes down, just as this hero fails when he steps out of the book into reality. Hating a villain and loving a hero or heroine are bad practices; yet authors are but human, and sometimes they fall as the author of this book fell. But, my dear F. H., because he fell, and because in falling the clumsy author spilled his moral all over the book when it should have been kept quite closely between the lines, please do not condemn all books with purpose. Hic fabula, always must docet. Art consists, it seems to me, not in the absence of purpose, but in the concealment of purpose. A great impulse, purpose, moral, aspiration, joy, propaganda or Heaven knows what of inspiration, must be the creative thing which makes any art, painting, writing, music, sculpture, live. Art must teach life something; possibly beauty, maybe love, or if only pleasurable excitement still art must teach, must have meaning. And it can have meaning only if meaning is put into the work of art. Of course it should be hidden; to hide its moral is the reason for art. Music is the highest art, because its purposes are best concealed, but unless one listens for the intricacies of counterpoint, listens with the ears of a geometer, surely the heart's reaction even to music is refreshing, stimulating, satisfying, helpful. Surely music teaches. Art speaks a various language, but surely it speaks, and speaks in terms of purpose. And if this miserable book spoke too much of purpose and not enough in terms of art condemn the book, but leave to art some morals, and to morals some form of art.

Another thing—the Puritan spirit. From your review I gathered that you feel that it is of another and an elder world, a world passed, a world buried with Ptolemy and Queen Victoria! But in truth is not the Puritan spirit very much alive in the world today? Is it not about all there is of America to distinguish America from the rest of the world? Is it not our contribution to civilization? By the Puritan spirit I do not mean the "lid," not the Calvinistic Sabbath, not the blue laws. Is not the Puritan spirit the crusading spirit of the modern world, the kind of thing which swung us into the war, which is trying to urge the world into a League of Nations whose cement is good will, and whose foundation is an attempt to settle international economic differences before they become chronic political grievances? Now in a common sense world where pure reason ruled perhaps it might be possible to get along without this Puritan spirit, and to work things out upon a sane materialistic basis. But a certain ardor for justice, a passion for righteousness, do not these support any cause and give it strength? The League of Nations, our part in the war—small as it was in terms of blood and human sacrifice—the old abolition movement, the establishment of the Constitution of the United States, the fervor of the "embattled farmers," the Boston tea-party, the landing of the Pilgrims, were not all of these mere dramatizations of the cold economic needs of the times, needs which without dramatization might not have changed the world? And is not the Puritan spirit the passionate embodiment of the main chance so that it may function in the world as it is, indeed a mighty vital and worthy thing in the world as it is put together today? Some way in reading your review the thought came to me that you felt the Puritan spirit was going or had gone from us, and at the thought my neck hair rose, and I growled. Hence these tears, these protesting lines!

These lines of course are written, really, in defense of the book; though there is a flimsy pretense that they are written to defend purpose in art, and the Puritan spirit! Fundamentally it is the book that is between us, and six hundred closely printed pages is no small thing! I hoped you would like it; for though its fault now seems obvious enough, when it was published it took with it my heart's blood, and so now I cannot cast it off. Yet I would not lose a friend even for a book. Therefore in all sincerity let me, my dear F. H., subscribe myself your constant reader and devoted admirer,

W. A. WHITE.

Paris.

The Second-Class Mail

SIR: My patient endeavors to arrive at, through experts, an unprejudiced conclusion concerning the second-class postal rates controversy are now baffled by the inclusion of the issue in the blanket indictment brought against the Postmaster General. This is unfortunate.

When Mr. Burleson's vulnerability was chiefly confined to the soft spot, whether in head or heart, disclosed by his attitude toward Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane, I made repeated efforts to disentangle the truth from the mass of special pleading. As a member of the Authors' League

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of America I had learned from its competent campaigners that the periodical press was not subsidized by the low postal rates, and that the zone system would : 1—Either destroy the magazines, or "denationalize" them, and make them parochial rather than planetary. 2—By depriving the rural dweller through increase in price, of magazines essential to his well-being—casting him into the outer darkness of, say, Shakespeare and the Bible; though of course the poor wheat farmers and a few others . . . 3—Favor the cheap, sex-story magazines, which carry the least advertising.

But turning to the New York Tribune, whose anti-administration ingenuities have won over so many readers —to Wilson, I read an editorial supporting the Burleson view that the Curtis publications in particular were virtually subsidized to the extent of $500,000 annually. Coming from the opposition camp, this, at least, was a weighty opinion. Put on the scales of the zone system, would it prove too expensive for St. Louis readers—forever localized in the journalistic limbo of Reedy's Mirror? As a naturalized New Yorker from "out West" there is to me nothing more pathetic than the thought of a San Francisco once content with its own little Argonaut, of a Chicago dozing over The Dial, of the aliens and others in Minnesota bleakly perusing The Bellman. To one living in the advanced centre that produces the forward and sprightly New York Times, it comes with a shock that great communities almost as American as our own have applauded the Chicago Tribune as "the greatest newspaper on earth," and still scan with narrowing eyes the pages of the diverting Kansas City Star.

And here was I, feeding on the best magazine fiction ever writ by human hands, drinking in the forty pages of educational advertisements, steadily acquiring a taste for the utmost in art—already achieved by the news-stand dealer who dictates the covers;—here was I, and where was my brother in the denationalized Far West? Why, nowhere. Or only perhaps in Oklahoma. Consider the renaissance of a New York periodical press no longer editing in Fourth avenue to edify an indeterminate proletariat of the sage-brush.

Trained in moral strength by the lessons I pick up with almost every popular periodical, I put these thoughts behind me, and reached for the telephone. "Tell me," I said, when my old friend, the financial manager of one of our greatest newspapers, had responded to the call. "Is it true the periodicals are subsidized? Is it the first-class editor, or only the second-class rates, that are making two words grow where only one word grew before?" "To be frank," he answered, "I don't know. It doesn't concern me very much. Suppose you ask our business manager."

But the business manager, as I knew, was anti-Burleson. Surely there was some one from whom I might get a disinterested answer. There was: the economic expert associated with a flourishing and independent magazine. "I am inclined," he said, "to favor the case of the Post Office. I believe it may be said that the magazines with the largest circulations are virtually subsidized. At the same time, I consider their plea that a large circulation brings a large volume of advertising that produces a voluminous letter correspondence at first-class rates. I regret that I have no means of determining this volume." That day, at a club, I heard the Post Office view more than confirmed by the opinion of an advertising man who was the head of his establishment. But I was thinking of the economic expert. He had given me a new idea. It is this: the Authors' League is on the wrong track. We have not heard any cries for help from, let us say, the Atlantic. The suffering magazines of the better class are suffering, and will suffer, because they seek the class of readers outside their special sphere, alienating those they had before. The "popular" magazines with a million subscribers should adjust their business, and pay the freight. It is not these that are needy; it is the authors. And how do the authors contribute to the Post Office revenues? By paying postage on tons and tons of MSS—most of it *mailed back again at their expense.* Those pattern-selling magazines, big as matresses, with a small side-line of Pierian spring specialties to bolster up the trade, are more proper to lingerie than literature. Let the League of Rejected Authors be heard from: the tens of thousands whose mail creates more lucrative business for the government than all the advertisers. Let them demand that MSS, rather than magazines, be carried at second-class rates. It would have the sanction of every man and woman who writes a letter to the editor—and these alone are legion.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

New York City.

May Day in New York

SIR: It is difficult to write in moderation on the terrorism of the soldiers and sailors on May Day, especially on a phase of it which I personally witnessed—that at the New York Call.

My sociological training is sadly limited and my sympathies toward any form of radicalism are nil. The New York Call as a newspaper scarcely existed for me, until the occurrence of May Day. My business office is in the Bible House. I was on my way down Fourth Avenue when my attention was attracted by the cries and shrieks of women. I turned in the direction of the uproar and was met by a scene which it is difficult to describe. About two hundred men in soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, armed with clubs, sticks and jacks were lined up in front of the building in two-line formation; from the building men and women were being driven; and as the men passed this line they were being beaten in a most savage and brutal manner. First a man's hat would be knocked off and as he would stoop to pick it up he was attacked. In this manner eyes were blackened, heads broken, shoulder-blades crippled. I saw a man jump from the first story, preferring to risk this mode of injury to the prospect of walking the gauntlet. I am sure he must have broken a leg.

As stated above, I have scant sympathy for any form of radicalism. As I stood there, however, watching this savage onslaught on innocent men and women—I saw many children, too—I wondered to myself, "What if I had accidentally been in front of this building, might not I too have been subjected to this savage bestiality?"

I think of America and its traditions of freedom, peace and patriotism. I think of the millions of our boys sent abroad to fight for democracy—And then I see this savage mob, desecrating our flag, shaming our nation, doing infinitely more to foster discontent than the worst forms of Tsarism. It is a shame. It brings a blush to every self-respecting and fair-minded American. Free speech, free assemblage, freedom of opportunity,—these form the basis of our social structure. An outcry of righteous indignation should be heard all over our land against this organized brutality.

ROBERT SCULLY

New York City.

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Burleson from Within

SIR: I am a regular subscriber to the New Republic, and I have always enjoyed this magazine, but more so recently, as I am working under the authority and instructions of a Postmaster General who has made himself famous throughout the country, as the only autocratic rival of the ex-Kaiser of Germany.

It seems strange to me, and particularly so at the present time, that a man of such propensities could hold office as long as he has in what is supposed to be a democratic form of government.

The sooner Burleson goes, the better it will be for Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party. At the time of the last election there were a great many postal employees who were heartily in favor of Mr. Wilson's political ideals, yet they would not vote for a democratic senator or congressman because the President had appointed such a man as Burleson to serve in his cabinet. This is perhaps one of the minor reasons why Mr. Wilson has met with such a strong Republican representation in both houses of Congress today.

The post office department has been the tool of politics ever since its advent, and so long as it remains so, inefficiency will be its byword of organization and operation, for postmaster generals can never be anything more than inexperienced men so long as they derive their appointment through the medium of politics.

When I read the first article on Burleson in the New Republic it made my heart throb with enthusiasm and joy, for I felt that this would be the beginning of the end of a man who abused his power to the detriment of the whole nation.

In conclusion I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the noble efforts you have put forth in our behalf, as you have said what no man in the service could say with impunity, even though he possessed the ability, for the post office autocracy denies him the constitutional right of free speech, especially when he uses it to criticise their reactionary methods. I hold this right as the most sacred of all rights, a right which any true American would gladly sacrifice his life to uphold. The denial of this right by a bureaucratic chief is a disgrace to himself, for it means a repudiation of American history and ideals, a mockery to democracy, and an insult to everything that truth implies.

X.

Appeal of the Russian Economic Relief Committee

EACH day brings us more and more news of the appalling famine and misery in Russia; there is a dreadful lack of clothes, shoes, milk, bread and medical supplies; the people are starving, babies are dying, typhus and cholera are sweeping the country, and we, Russian immigrants in this country, begin to realize the need of economic help for our starving fellow countrymen. In various places organizations are being formed for the purpose of collecting money and clothing that could be sent across. Attempts are being made to make these organizations free of politics because it does not seem fair that the work of helping those who are starving should suffer because of our political differences. There is a need for coordination of these isolated attempts and for development of a broader movement along this line.

To meet this need there has been created in New York City the Russian Economic Relief Committee. The Committee is a non-political and non-partisan organization. Its purpose is to render help in Russia everywhere where there is need, irrespective of who governs the locality. To this end it will get in touch with non-political organizations, especially cooperatives, which could undertake the distribution of the commodities in Russia and which could guarantee that relief will be given without distinction as to nationality, party or religion. It will organize the machinery of transportation and secure the necessary authorization for sending relief to Russia. At the same time it will propagate the idea of economic relief, promote the creation in various places of organizations devoted to various forms of economic aid and endeavor to coordinate the activities of the already existing organizations in the United States and Canada.

The Committee appeals to the Russians in this country to support this movement, and to get in immediate touch with the Committee for the purpose of forming groups and organizations to collect funds, clothing and other supplies and to forward them to the Committee. Our response to the need of our fellow countrymen will create in the hearts of the American people a greater faith in the Russians, which is necessary if we are to secure their help in extending relief to Russia. Communications should be sent to the Secretary: Alexander Gourvich, 1271 Hoe Avenue, New York City; money to the Treasurer: J. A. Rosen, 165 Broadway, New York City; and clothes to: Russian Economic Relief Committee, Florasynth Laboratories, Olmstead Avenue, Unionport, N. Y.

S. B. BELIAEFF.

Half a League?

SIR: The cement which bound thirteen wrangling states into a new nation was reluctantly adopted, but assuredly under no greater pressure than that which today drives us inevitably toward cooperation or chaos. We would do well to look again and again at the political chemistry which thus reinforced our Union and survived even the test of secession. It failed to bind until a central organ was authorized and empowered to deal *directly with individuals* in the enforcement of law within its delegated powers. Only then was true federation born and with it a national sovereignty and a responsible American citizenship. So long as a League of Nations can only request its sovereign members to contribute money or arms or men, it is only a confederacy—"half a League, half a League," as Shaw calls it. It must then either dissolve or go forward to some more stable equilibrium, based, perhaps, on a world citizenship responsible individually to the League for world obligations under international law, and entitled, as corollary right, to proportional representation in the organs of the League. Such a sanction would be real and binding—though its yoke would not rest heavy, and its burden would indeed be light in comparison with the tangible and immediate demands of local self-government. Such a democratic empire is foreshadowed in the British empire at its best. If the British empire includes both New Zealand and India, and if the United States can include Porto Rico, Alaska, Chicago and Washington, D. C., perhaps there is hope that a League of Nations may yet extend its friendly and firm caliper-compass to include both Lenin and Burleson!

THOMAS D. ELIOT.

Tacoma, Washiington.

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Sylvia and Michael

Sylvia and Michael, by Compton Mackenzie. Martin Secker.

THIS sequel to Sylvia Scarlett—or rather this concluding half of Sylvia Scarlett which the publisher's regard for the limited weight-lifting powers of the average library subscriber has led him to issue separately—is by far the best thing Mr. Compton Mackenzie has done since Carnival. It gives scope to his gift for the vivacious rendering of quaint idioms and the recording of picturesque incongruities; and that is a very real gift and one which is to be welcomed in this generation of earnest workers in monotone. For there is at present loose among people who write not out of any urgent personal impulse but according to literary fashion a belief, a quite fallacious belief, that if one keeps to neutral tints one is safe. It is a belief of some decades' standing. The world's fiction grew gray at Gissing's breath. He slightly falsified life in the direction of misery, for, bad as the English climate and the London suburbs are, they are not so bad as he describes them; and he continued this falsification for so long and so convincingly that a physical atmosphere more humid than any yet recorded by the Meteorological Society and a spiritual atmosphere of gloom never yet attained by any human society except a Highland village on Sunday became established conventions of the ambitious sort of fiction. A little later it became the right thing to admire Mr. Henry James. He became great enough to be reviewed on day of publication. This meant that busy journalists were obliged to write in a few hours long notices of books which take more than a few days to read. As they never had time to find out what happened in Mr. James's books they were obliged to omit from their notices all mention of this not unimportant aspect of his work. A choking ecstasy about his style saved trouble and was in the movement. Consequently, the public, with its pathetic faith in the press, came to the conclusion that as journalists never said anything about what happened in Mr. James's books nothing did happen. This was a pity, for no writer ever invented more beautifully intricate plots or could deal more gleefully with such goobets of the sensational as a murder or a divorce case. Still the impression persisted, and out of this misapprehension and Gissing's defect there arose a theory that if one was to be a serious writer, the kind that the best people read, one must remove from one's representation of life as much as possible of life's crude content of color and massive events: that art adores a vacuum.

Now this is hard on anybody who is not a first-rate genius. One cannot write well about anything unless one is interested and excited about it, and few of us retain past our childhood enough vitality to be interested and excited about things we see every day. Mr. Arnold Bennett can do that kind of thing. He can write descriptions of a bookshop in St. James's, of a steamer leaving a Thameside pier, of a lift in a hotel, vivid and shapely descriptions that lie in the surrounding story like jewels in a matrix, which are like love-lyrics addressed to the material world. He has looked at these ordinary things with a passionate interest that most people feel only before some prodigy of circumstance. But that is because he has the intense vitality of genius. Mr. Compton Mackenzie has not that power and he knows it; and very sensibly steps outside this convention that one must water down the extravagance of events, and gives us the material from which he can distil interest and excitement in this book about the adventures of a cabaret singer as she wanders through Europe. Wanders however is hardly the right word, for the weakest thing about the book is the effect of jerky haste about Sylvia's peregrinations. It is surely the essence of a picaresque novel that the rogue should travel with an air of leisure. But Sylvia seems to regard herself as a challenge to geography, to be bitten by a desire to be in two places at once. One feels that when she is married to Michael she will insist on setting up house on the moving staircase at Oxford Circus. But that effect is a matter of pace, and there is no more subtle matter of technique than that in any art; to go to music for an analogy, it is hard to put one's finger on what makes a Mozart scherzo a thing that dances home in no time and what makes another composer's scherzo merely a tune that is falling downstairs. In spite of this breathlessness there is much entertainment in the tale of Sylvia's adventures in the cabarets of Bucharest and Petrograd, in bombarded Odessa, in the train of the Bulgarian comitadji leader, in the caique that brought her and Michael to Samothrace.

But the goodness of the book, and the impossibility of realizing that goodness at the first reading, shows that though Mr. Mackenzie has very sensibly kicked over the convention that in the best people's novels nothing happens and you mention it in an undertone, he is still strangling his talent by submitting to another literary fashion of the day. One lays down this book detesting Sylvia as a painted prig, a gyrating piece of rouged tin. One refuses to pity her for the misfortune either of her sex or her upbringing; if she had been born a son of wealthy parents she would only have grown up into an Oxford undergraduate and published the usual book of poems at Blackwell's. Yet after one has closed the book one begins to think, "But this is really a very touching story. It is a moving invention, this strong character who has been prevented by the vagabondish circumstances of her early life from taking up any creative way of life, and so is driven to use her strength in cherishing weak creatures; and just because she is so strong chooses creatures so weak that in the end they betray her and fall back in the dishonor from which it was her passionate aim to lift them. There is an exquisite consistency in the fate that follows each of her squanderings of sacrifice; in the comfortable persuasion of each of those whom she protects that since Sylvia is so strong she will not feel any pain if they desert her; in the way that she hardens herself against humanity because of her experience of its baseness and yet craves more and more for human love. This is a beautifully imagined character. Why is it that the book which describes it is more than faintly irritating?"

One gets a glimpse at the answer in the chapter which tells how Sylvia, who has fled from Bucharest with the little dancer she is mothering to save her from a juggler bully, is stranded penniless in a Rumanian town among the oil-fields; and to buy food for the girl and to save her from descent into degradation decides to raise money by degrading herself. It never actually comes to that; but the decision is made, and the desperate distracted movements of Sylvia's love are the more pitiful because of the flimsy quality of the little dancer, who, indeed, trots off with the juggler the first moment Sylvia turns her back, like a petdog called by a dog-stealer. There is nothing wanting to the pathos of the incident. Yet it does not move us. And the reason is that Sylvia has put us out of temper with herself and her story by waking up in the morning and, while she leans over the sleeping dancer, expounding the motives of her self-sacrifice (which indeed were implicit in the situation) in a soliloquy about the length and

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the style of a leading article in an evening newspaper. Again, when Sylvia, pathetically enough, feels herself so desolate that she turns for comfort to a religion with which she has no temperamental affinity and tries to join the Roman Catholic Church, one takes a dislike to the incident as soon as she makes a first confession which in prolixity and manner recalls Mr. Garvin's editorials in the Observer.

Here we have the clue to Mr. Mackenzie's singular failure to get the benefit of his own gifts. He is an excellent novelist of incident, particularly of grotesque incident; but he cannot manage any psychological detail. When he tries to draw a person leading a richly reflective life he draws a person who seems to be carrying home his personality in an insufficiently wrapped and tied parcel and who constantly has to sit down by the roadside and fuss with it; and the mental life is so far from being real to him that he loses all individuality of style when he writes of it and pours out journalistic clichés. But why should he concern himself with psychology at all? It is the emptiest convention, started by those who are too cultured to have read anything older than the day before yesterday, that the theme of a novel should work itself out through the psychological reactions of its characters. It would have been deplorable if Dickens had held up David Copperfield while he worked out the mental processes that led Miss Betsy Trotwood to pretend that she had lost all her money; he chose, with his expertness in character, the tortuous course of action she would probably have pursued, but he could never have told the reader exactly how she came to that conclusion. If Mr. Compton Mackenzie would submit to limitations that were good enough for Dickens he would give his talent for incident its opportunity. Meanwhile it is quite worth the reader's while to extricate, by means of deleting all the superfluous passages, the novel of action which lies submerged in the flood of Sylvia and Michael.

REBECCA WEST.

The Evolution of the Canadian Constitution

Evolution of the Dominion of Canada—its Government and its Politics, by Edward Porritt. (Government Handbooks, Edited by David P. Barrows and Thomas H. Reed.) The World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson.

MR. PORRITT could hardly have found a more fruitful field for the study of political development than Canada, for Canada has crushed into a century a fascinating constitutional history. From the cession down to the Confederation of 1867 Canada went through every phase of colonial experiment and in addition reënacted England's own constitutional evolution. This century, so rich for the student, has for a background New France. It is true that the time-spirit and the advent of the scientific historian have robbed New France of its romantic glamour, but it is impossible in studying modern Canada to forget that New France practically bequeathed to the twentieth century the strange phenomenon of a federation with one province almost entirely alien in race, speech, religion and traditions to the other provinces. Quebec is, as a consequence, the strongest centrifugal force in any federated state today, and showed its strength last December when it stood out almost unanimously against the rest of Canada on the question of compulsory military service.

When, then, Great Britain took over the government of some 60,000 Canadians in 1763, she inherited a people who were the heirs to apathy born of paternalism, and who had no interest in or experience of any form of self-government. The task of governing them might have been easy enough had it not been for the presence of some two or three hundred English traders who demanded a House of Assembly exclusively composed of English speaking Protestants. When the British Government determined to continue the Civil Law of France, to grant freedom of religion to the Roman Catholic Church, and not to proscribe the use of the French language, they stirred up a pretty quarrel, in which a self-complacent and doctrinaire philosophy of British rights stood arrayed against equity. In the issue Canada was given, by the Quebec Act of 1774, a Parliamentary Constitution, which continued the Governor and nominated the Council and indefinitely postponed popular government in any form. This new constitution was no subtle attack on the Thirteen Colonies, it was an attempt to meet in a fair manner actual conditions—it was the logical outcome of antecedent events. It faced immediate issues, for an Assembly to the Canadians was only "une machine anglaise pour nous taxer"—and incidentally, as the issue proved, it prevented Canada from becoming a fourteenth state of the Union.

The American War of Independence, however, created a new situation. It brought to Canada thousands of Loyalists—many of whom settled in the districts composing the modern province of Ontario. These Loyalists, while they stood for a United Empire, yielded nothing to the Fathers of American Confederation in their devotion to free institutions, and it soon became evident that they would not live complacently under the Quebec Act. As a consequence in 1791 Canada was divided into Upper and Lower Canada and each new Province was given a constitution with a House of Assembly elected on a very broad franchise, but the executive remained responsible to the Colonial Office in England. The experiment was doomed to failure. It was vitiated by an irresponsible executive, which in addition could always fall back on the military chest or crown revenues when the Assembly, as frequently happened, proved recalcitrant in voting supplies. Two petty rebellions closed this constitutional experiment, and in 1838 Lord Durham, an advanced radical, was sent to Canada to analyse the situation. His report almost instinctively summed it up. He recommended the union of the Provinces, if a wider confederation was impossible, and the granting of full responsible government. In 1840, an Act of Union was passed, which in a characteristically British manner contained no provision for responsible government, and it remained for Lord Elgin in 1849, out of a local political issue, to establish it on a permanent and adequate basis. Even then the problems grew rather than diminished. French-speaking Canadians combined against English-speaking Canadians—race, religion, language and tradition organized and made efficient administration impossible. Government after government crashed down to defeat before the ever-strengthening forces of deadlock. At this point the American Civil War and "the Trent Affair" emphasized the constitutional weakness of Canada, while the anticipated revocation of Elgin's Reciprocity Treaty raised the economic issue. The hope of a confederation began to take concrete form, intensified by the vision of a Greater Canada linked up from Atlantic to Pacific by bonds of steel. Out of internal weakness and external strength confederation was born in 1867. This

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period saw the rise and fall of laissez faire principles. Canada has worked out successfully many problems, especially in connection with that delicate balancing of centripetal and centrifugal forces in a federal constitution. Today she stands in the fullness of national manhood, England's equal in political competency, and in the complexity of interests peculiar to a distinct national group.

Such in brief is the fascinating history which Mr. Porritt has attempted to interpret in relation to the every-day workings of Canadian Government. It must be said at once that his experience as a successful journalist has fitted him for the latter part of his task. His descriptions of the actual workings of the constitution are exceedingly valuable. He has insight, the courage of his convictions, and he can criticize fearlessly and fairly without patronizing vulgarity. This part of his book is most useful, and ought to provide citizens of the United States and Canada with a fairly adequate idea of modern Canadian political institutions in actual working. Mr. Porritt also opens up an interesting field in connection with the influence of the United States on the political and economic development of Canada. He writes with suggestiveness here, on a subject largely unworked.

On the other hand, the first half of his book is singularly unworthy of the concluding chapters and certainly of the romantic evolution of Canada. This is all the more unfortunate because, in the editor's preface, Mr. Porritt is announced as the best qualified writer available—in fact as an authority with a "thorough knowledge." It will save space and time to state categorically the shortcomings. There is no sense of proportion, and Mr. Porritt does not seem clear as to the kind of book which he intended to write. He falls between the two stools of Bryce's American Commonwealth and Lowell's Government of England. The authorities, of which there is an abundant display, are too often secondary and many are of the worst type, including college text-books. The whole scheme of the evolution is missed. Nothing is said of the background of New France to explain modern Quebec with its peculiar legal and social conditions—an explanation indeed which Mr. Porritt singularly omits. He begins the history practically with the coming of the Loyalists, and thus misses the significance of the previous years, which he wrongly describes as years of "military rule" (p. 66). Throughout, these chapters bear the coloring of the strata of authorities over which Mr. Porritt's mind has flowed. It is almost impossible to conceive of writing on Canadian constitutional evolution without a careful reading of the Parliamentary debates on the various constitutions. Mr. Porritt appears to quote at second-hand. He alone can explain the possibility of ignoring the vast manuscript material in what purports to be a serious contribution to historical literature.

At any rate, he has, through his failure, succeeded in making some egregious mistakes on vital points. For example, he tells us that Lord Sydenham in 1841 "established cabinet government in Canada on the same basis as at Westminster" (p. 112). The proverbial schoolboy knows that this is the favorite pitfall of the untrained and superficial writer. If Mr. Porritt had read the entire Sydenham correspondence he would have been saved from an important error. No Canadian could accept his judgment on Sir Charles Bagot and Lord Metcalfe, because the Bagot and Metcalfe papers demand that it should be modified. He says that the Quebec Act of 1774 "recognized and continued the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec as an established church" (p. 65). This is quite inaccurate. He says Pitt was responsible for the suggestion of a titled and hereditary second chamber in Canada. An acquaintance with such well known secondary sources as Rose's books on Pitt would have told him that Grenville was responsible for it, and thus Pitt might have been saved from a gratuitous sneer.

Mr. Porritt passes lightly over the rebellion in Lower Canada with the dogmatic statement that "before the rebellion there was nothing disloyal or treasonable in Papineau's platform" (p. 90). A study of contemporary documents might have made him less dogmatic. One quite fails to understand why the statement just quoted is documented from a current newspaper giving an account of the death in action in the Great War of Papineau's great-grandson! It is a mistake to magnify the legal disputes over education at the expense of those over the distribution of the legislative powers—powers which Mr. Porritt has not carefully studied. Had he read such a well known book as Keith's Imperial Unity, he would not have said, without some explanation, that Canada has a right to "veto a nomination to the office of governor-general," and that the right has been "fully conceded since 1907" of allowing Canada "to appoint her own plenipotentiaries for the negotiation of commercial treaties and conventions" (pp. 215, 216). Amicable workings with the British Government make Mr. Porritt's statements true in fact; friction might bring out that there is no "right" in either case. In addition the editors announce an "annotated bibliography." The bibliography which Mr. Porritt provides is useless. Out of its sixty odd items, perhaps six or seven are valuable. There are five misquoted titles. The inclusion of school text-books, little gossipy memoirs, and popular lectures at the expense of the documents edited by Messrs. Shortt, Doughty, McArthur and Oliver is as significant as the eloquent silence which omits the promised annotations.

This criticism has been made only in relation to the claims which Mr. Porritt and the general editors have put forward. We have attempted to estimate the book by no ideal standards, but solely by its professed purpose and scope. A meticulous criticism would reveal many more weaknesses.

Finally it may not be unfair to add that he has not touched on the greatest of Canadian problems. Canada is a nation. How long will a nation be content to be placed in a state of war without *effective* control? How long will a nation remain without an *effective* foreign policy?—the terrible and awful glory of national manhood. Mr. Porritt relegates to a short note Canada's most vital problem today—foreign relations and defense. Is there any solution to these problems without such a ghastly catastrophe as the break-up of the British Empire? These are pressing questions in Canada today, as Canadians contemplate a coming of age deep dyed in the blood of Canadian soldiers. They are the real issues before thoughtful men. It is hardly unjust to say that Mr. Porritt's silence may leave his readers in the United States in blissful ignorance of Canada's Empire problem. In the development of local self-government, Canada faced and solved the problem of sovereignty. Today she faces the same problem in relation to her place in the Empire. Perhaps the solution may be found in a slow process, and there can be no doubt that ready-made solutions are at present wholly inacceptable. However that may be—there it stands for Canada, the problem of sovereignty—the central and most tantalizing issue in political thought.

W. P. M. K.

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The Ethical Novel

The Modern Novel, by Wilson Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

STRICTLY speaking the novel does not appear in Mr. Follett's book. Fragments of one novel or another appear. There are quotations from novels, quotations from critics writing of fiction in the abstract and of given novels in particular, and the mention of a fair number of novels from Defoe to Meredith and James and Hardy, and references to fictional characters here and there. Modern is taken to mean from 1700 to 1900 approximately; there is no handling of the present day novel except by indirect reference. But the novel as a living, restless, many-sided form is not imaged. Mr. Follett has attempted to confine the most various of literary forms within a narrow definition of purpose.

He begins rightly enough with the creative impulse in fiction, but his brief discussion quickly resolves itself into the terms of the older rhetoric or of general aesthetics. The novel must be concrete, it must reveal the typical through the special, it must be original, it must have unity. He then proceeds, not to examine the novel, but to examine certain critical terms which have been used in discussion of the novel: Sentimentalism, Didacticism, Satire, Realism. His touchstone is the statement, offered without debate, that the purpose of fiction is "reducible always to the disinterested search for the nature of life, what life is." The object of the novel is to present "truth." First then, romance, good romance, is brought within the circle of legitimate fiction. The new and strange twist characteristically given to the fictionist's material in romance is found to be nothing more than an artificial technique by means of which truth is acutely realized; and as a prime example is given the scene in The Legend of Montrose which results from the boast of Angus that his own Scottish candlesticks are better than any ever lighted in any hall in Cumberland. The chief effect of this scene, Mr. Follett thinks, lies in the loyalty of the brother, the joy of the old servant in his master's triumph, the "ringing truth behind the whole affair." We are as willing as possible to admit that the sense of human and even of moral values is a constituent of our feeling at the triumphant climax. But surely the special effect of Scott's scene as contrasted with another which might reveal all these elements lies just in the quickened movement which Mr. Follett regards as a device, culminating in the extravagant final surprise of the gigantic Highlanders standing behind every seat in the hall with swords drawn and enormous torches ablaze. The scene would crash as successive scenes in The Castle of Otranto crash if it were not for the human values upon which Mr. Follett is so seriously insistent, but it is a biassed interpretation which will not take into main account the mere "charm of circumstance," our infatuation with happenings, and which fails to find in mere surprise something of life.

But by this argument Mr. Follett establishes his general direction. Thereafter Sentimentalism, Didacticism, and Satire go down one by one to clear the way for the Realistic Spirit, which is the spirit of truth: not quite like ninepins, for Mr. Follett is discursive, but down nevertheless, chapter by chapter. Unfortunately they come up again, with questions. Sentimentalism is defined as an excess of sensibility, didacticism as an intrusion or thesis, satire as the spirit of hate, of aversion, of scorn; and all these are plainly incompatible with disinterestedness. But while we can accept the idea that an excess of sensibility somehow spoils a novel we are unwilling to rule out certain novels which are dominated by sensibility or mood or feeling. We would not for instance part company with Wuthering Heights or Youth. They may not be what Mr. Follett calls disinterested, but they remain incomparable fiction. He does not mention these, it is fair to say, but neither does he take them or their kind into account. In the same general way it is easy these days to prove that the novel shouldn't preach, but it would have been interesting, it is almost necessary, to show that didacticism is only an extreme of the interpretative and to describe the variations which the interpretative may take. In a liberal sense The Way of All Flesh is a didactic novel, and so, with all its poetry, is The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. And no sharp cleavage can be drawn between the didactic and the satirical. Mr. Follett apparently accepts Meredith's few quick observations which ally satire with the drastically bitter; and he is not checked by the most unpromising of applications. He says that "the 'Gothic' romance loved spookery and neurasthenia for their own sakes; Jane Austen hated them for the sake of common sense." But Jane Austen so strongly suggests that she was only amused by them. Mockery at least occasionally plays through satire. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Follett would consider mockery disinterested. But Mr. Follett cannot consider variations nor press distinctions because he must constantly drive back to his original definition.

Still, there have been indications all along that he would not really return to the idea of the "disinterested search for the nature of life." If he did he would be obliged to ground his theory upon that which Zola advances with so much enthusiasm in Le Roman Expérimental; and it was impossible from the first to think of Mr. Follett in kinship with Zola. In the opening pages of his chapter on the Realistic Spirit he does go part way toward Zola's position. He suggests that the desirable and modern attitude for the novelist is that of a thorough detachment, a kind of patient agnosticism, a "selfless and pervasive curiosity." But he turns almost at once to the "dangers" which beset realism, and he makes it plain that the novel must not simply present fact, letting its edge cut where it may. There is too great a danger that we shall have a mere accumulation of fact, and that fact will become meaningless. After all what we want is a "view." Mr. Follett does not explain what he means by view. He did not accept the opportunity in his chapter on Didacticism and he passes it by here; but he goes on to indicate what he means. The novel must be a critical test of values in conduct and character, he says; and he does not mean test in the sense of assay, the attempt to find out "what life is," but test in the sense of application of standard. The kind of standards which he has in mind are plainly suggested. In the chapter on Didacticism he writes: "And you say that a novel is morally sound when it makes you feel, without necessarily bothering to think, that the novelist is a person who admires and detests the same fundamental things that everyone else worth hearing admires and detests." The novel, that is, will not open the way for new interpretations of conduct or new charities of understanding, for these things are fixed, and may be accepted on the whole without bothering to think. Mr. Follett is still more definite when he touches upon the novelist's choice of characters. To yield "any palpable reward" these characters should be great characters; degeneracy may be treated but it must be the degeneracy of the great. An understanding of the weakness of the weak has, it seems,

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High Blood Pressure —Hardened Arteries

—How to Remedy

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder and Director
THE ALSAKER WAY

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
(Specialist in Health Conservation)

Dear Doctor Alsaker:

Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of Apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition; another one dropped dead. Both of them are a little past fifty, and both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious because I, too, am past fifty, and my blood pressure runs from 190 to over 200. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head.

A third friend tells me that he followed your directions and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure can not be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. I want to linger here a while longer.

F. R. M.

The condition mentioned in this letter is very common among men past the age of forty-five. This is a case of hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) with high blood pressure. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, and this is generally caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

The pain in the region of the heart is due to the over-worked condition of the heart, which is often aggravated by gas in the stomach and the bowels. The pain in the head is caused partly by the excessive pressure of the blood, and partly by accumulations of waste in the body.

Many physicians give nitro-glycerin to lower the excessive blood pressure, but this is useless, for though the pressure is temporarily reduced, it returns again.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way with drugs and a superabundance of food. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of nature, at least four out of five will recover. Their arteries may not become quite as soft as they should be; their blood pressure may not return to the ideal point; but they will recover to such an extent that they have neither aches nor pains, nor are they in any further danger from apoplexy or heart disease. They will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they can't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

So if you would overcome high blood pressure and soften arteries that are too hard you will have to learn how to use your lungs to get plenty of fresh air; how to drink the right kind of liquids so as to aid in washing the impurities out of the body; how to eat the best of foods in the best way, so that these foods will build health instead of producing disease; and how to give the body good general care in every way.

There are exceptions who can not recover. This is because they have abused themselves so long that either the kidneys have failed beyond recovery; or the heart valves or heart walls have been too much injured; or the walls of the arteries themselves have become as brittle as chalk in spots. But the vast majority—at least four out of five on the average—can get into such good condition that they can truly say that they are enjoying good health.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy; who had surging of the blood to the head; who had daily headaches; who had oppression in the region of the heart (precordial pain); who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health, after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

Nature performs wonders if you give her a chance. If you are truly interested, read the announcement following this article.

Publisher's Announcement and Personal Guarantee—R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is a new type of physician. He specializes in health and teaches those who come to him for advice how to live so that disease will vanish. He has written several health-building hand books that explain the cause of disease and show the sick how to recover. One of the most important is **"Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries."** This book is really a course of instructions on the treatment of Heart Disease, Hardened Arteries, High Blood Pressure and Apoplexy. It gives specific advice on the care of the body and the proper foods to eat to produce a cure. All forms of heart disease are discussed and a correct home treatment prescribed. It is marvelous what the common foods will do for the sick when properly combined and intelligently eaten. Send $2.10 for **"Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries."** Follow the doctor's advice regarding the care of the body and especially **The Alsaker Way** of food combining and eating, for 30 days. If you are fully satisfied with the good results obtained, keep the book; otherwise return it and I will refund your money. George G. Porter, a prominent business man of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Measured by the usual fees charged by physicians for a single consultation and prescription, Dr. Alsaker's health-building hand books are worth $50 to $100 each." Mr. Porter has purchased and distributed among sick people more than 200 copies of The Alsaker Handbooks.

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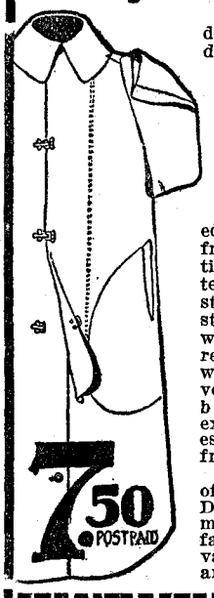

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nothing to contribute to our knowledge of life. Such a novel as A Mummer's Wife would have to be counted out. The novelist is to love life: Mr. Follett says so repeatedly. But not all life. He must plainly give his suffrages to nobility. There is danger, Mr. Follett thinks, that we may be persuaded that hateful things are not really hateful, that we may find beauty in ugliness. The reader is not to be trusted with experimental novels. He must be guided, though not of course too obviously. Thus the theory of the search for the nature of life is nullified. Vigorous as it is, it could hardly be accepted as the single creative basis for fiction; but Mr. Follett does not let us meet that issue. He shifts the issue.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Follett wishes to advance under so alien a banner; and it is particularly hard to be patient with his attempts to mark off forbidden provinces. He does this to the last. His final chapter is called "Entertainment." The disparaging quotation marks are his. The novel, he says, has moved on to the expression of "higher and higher truth." Literature and life have come into closer association, the novel is taken more seriously. There is then no place for the novel which merely takes the reader "divertingly 'out of himself.'" But life, even life, is sometimes merely entertaining. Literature too might be allowed its gay occasional flings.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Molière, a Romantic Play in Three Acts, by Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

TO write a "good" play in these days, as opposed to a bad one, it is supposed very generally that the writer has merely to simulate the antique. A play like Philip Moeller's Molière is nothing more or less artistically than imitation Restoration furniture. It has the outward guise of Sheridan; the jests are after his fashion, the plot was built for such effects as he might have wished to make. The main difference is that when Sheridan wrote he was creating a medium that would express himself and his age. There was anticipatory zest in his wit, because he was as near the London of his day as Geo. Cohan is near the New York of 1919, and he revelled in the intimacy. His plays are the outgrowth of a personality and a culture. Mr. Moeller would find it difficult to say whom he was writing for when he sat down to compose Molière. The age he lives in has discarded, save for those senatorial reminiscences of Patrick Henry no one reads and no one listens to, the technique of fine-spun rhetoric and laborious compliment. And he would find it difficult to say whom he was expressing. Certainly not himself, and certainly not the rest of us. We no longer speak or act in the fashion he has represented. Nor did Molière speak or act in that fashion. Molière's life at court, the fiction of de Montespan's love for him, the flight of his wife Armande, and her return as he is dying—all these are seen through the eyes of eighteenth century England. The play in truth is only a tolerably workmanlike reproduction, with neither the weight nor the solidity of an original piece.

Contributors

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.
EVERETT GLASS, a private in the American Army and now a student at the A. E. F. University at Beaune; formerly a member of the Greenwich Village Players.
TYLER DENNETT has recently returned from Spain. A contributor to various magazines, and the author of The Democratic Movement in Asia.
A CORRECTION: Mr. J. Mattern, mentioned in our issue of April 19th as a professor at Johns Hopkins University, is not a professor, but assistant librarian at Johns Hopkins.

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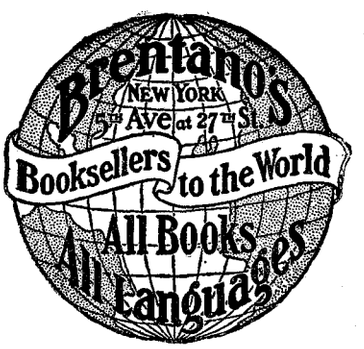

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